ICE $1.25

MARCH 20, 1981

R's Retreat on Taxes
—see page 270

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMTH020E- 016 8105 - 1 52 -
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

at to do
ut the

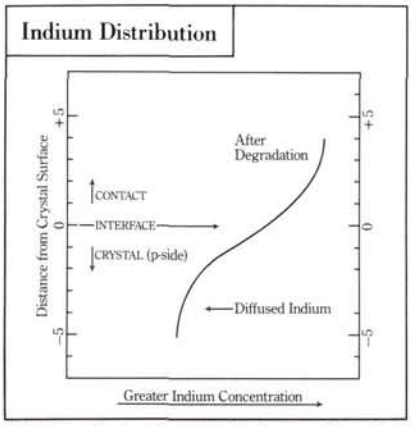
ENERGY CRISIS

PETER LUBIN
SAMUEL McCRACKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strategic Misalignment

Tunable semiconductor lasers can now measure specific gases in automotive exhaust with 25-millisecond response time. A successful strategy for improving laser reliability developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories makes this and other new spectroscopy capabilities practical realities.



Electron microprobe analysis of a crystal-contact interface, indicating indium penetration into the PbSnTe crystal.

THE ACHIEVEMENT of long lifetime and frequency stability makes the lead-tin-telluride diode laser a practical infrared spectrometer. Earlier innovations brought to this laser the characteristics of increased power, higher temperature operation, greater efficiency and wider tuning range.

Operating in the 5- to 10-micron range, the PbSnTe laser spectrometer can resolve the time-dependent emission of carbon monoxide, sulfuric acid vapor, methane and other species of interest in automotive exhaust. This permits measurement of transients in carbon monoxide to carbon dioxide gas conversion in a catalytic converter. This capability represents a significant advance over conventional spectroscopy instrumentation. The laser is also being tested by NASA for use in detecting the molecular species involved in chemical reactions in the stratosphere.

New knowledge of the process by which laser reliability is compromised has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted by Dr. Wayne Lo and his colleagues at General Motors. Dr. Lo's investigations have demonstrated that laser lifetime and stability are limited by the development of excessive electrical contact resistance. He has been able to stop increases in resistance by devising a multilayer ohmic contact consisting of different metal films. This configuration has extended laser operating lifetime to more than 1,000 hours and increased shelf-life to an estimated 25 years.

Slow degradation due to a gradual increase in contact resistance was observed in idle lasers stored at room temperature, but not in lasers maintained at a maximum temperature of 77 K, despite several hundred hours of continuous operation. These results suggested the temperature-dependent process of diffusion.

Degradation occurred primarily on the p-type side of the laser, where the contact consisted of a thin layer of gold followed by a

Diagram of hypothetical indium diffusion paths for a three-layer contact structure of Au-Pd-Au.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

layer of indium. Electron microprobe analyses revealed that indium, a semiconductor donor, was diffusing through the gold layer into the crystal, apparently causing a reduction in hole carrier concentration near the p-surface. This effect was counteracted to a great degree by sandwiching a thin layer of platinum between the layers of indium and gold. Laser reliability reached a full year.

When degradation was still observed, although to a reduced extent, Dr. Lo advanced the hypothesis that diffusion and transport were taking place along grain boundaries in the polycrystalline contact layers. He proposed replacing the Pt-Au barrier with a three-layer structure. Since palladium film structures have fewer grain boundaries than those of platinum, providing fewer leakage paths for the indium, Pd was tested in place of Pt.

DIODE LASERS composed of $Pb_{0.86}Sn_{0.14}Te$ and fabricated with a variety of contacts were maintained at 60°C in order to accelerate aging, with periodic interruptions for testing. The results showed that a multilayer structure of In-Au-Pd-Au, in which the grain boundaries tend to be misaligned, provides maximal reduction of indium penetration, confirming Dr. Lo's hypothesis.

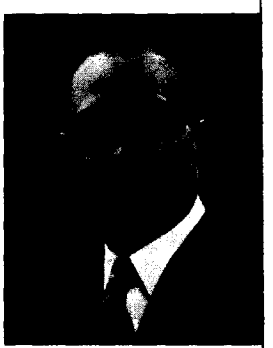
The misaligned boundaries force diffusion to take place laterally, which slows transport into the crystal. The additional layer slows the process even further.

Solving the contact problem represents the culmination of efforts that began at General Motors with the development of an "ingot-nucleation" vapor transport method for growing crystals. The resulting crystals are of high purity, with a dislocation density of less than 1000 cm^{-2}. Lasers made from these crystals incorporate a low temperature cadmium-diffused p-n junction. This process, invented by Dr. Lo, increases the laser's output to five milliwatts.

A tuning range of 500 cm^{-1} and pulsed operating temperatures of up to 140 K are achieved by a two-step annealing process. This technique induces a graded carrier concentration that increases infrared light confinement in the laser structure, thus reducing losses and increasing output.

"These innovations," says Dr. Lo, "combine to produce a laser that allows us to make measurements previously impossible."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Wayne Lo is a Senior Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Lo was born in Hupei, China. He did his undergraduate work at Cheng-Kung University in Taiwan. He received an M.S. from the University of Rhode Island and a Ph. D. in electrical engineering from Columbia University in 1972. His doctoral thesis concerned the characterization of deep-level states and carrier lifetimes in gallium arsenide light-emitting diodes.

Before undertaking graduate studies, Dr. Lo was instrumental in setting up the first American transistor production plant in Taiwan. In 1973, he joined General Motors, where he is currently in charge of semiconductor laser and spectroscopy research.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

MARCH 20, 1981
VOL. XXXIII, NO. 5
ISSN: 0028-0038

LUBIN Page 274 | McCRACKEN Page 280 | MOORE Page 286 | BAKSHIAN Page 288 | MOLNAR Page 290 | EVANIER Page 296

Energy

274 Taming the Saudis

The received wisdom has it that Saudi Arabia is "moderate," "pro-Western," and "friendly," so the United States ritually abases itself before this charming ally, lest extortionate oil prices soar to even less friendly levels. Fact is, Saudi Arabia—not Libya—is the evil spirit of OPEC; is implacable in its hatred of Israel; harbors terrorists. It is contrary to American interests to keep sustaining Saudi complacency and self-delusion.

Peter Lubin

278 Two Years Later, Most Systems Go!

Jane Fonda notwithstanding, Three Mile Island gives us causes for reassurance: the emergency system worked far better than even most advocates of nuclear energy would have predicted. But the media ignored salient realities, including the confession of the NRC that it had misjudged, grossly, the hazards posed. Result: today the experts know more, the public less, Jane about the same.

Samuel McCracken

286 An Oil Import Tax?

Under ordinary conditions, free trade works best. Today, though, things aren't ordinary, and there are compelling arguments for a tariff on imported oil. We should raise the price of oil—for our own good.

Thomas Gale Moore

Articles & Columns

272 Atlantic Alignments

How fares the NATO alliance in the wake of detente?

Brian Crozier

288 God and Man at Tuskegee

Booker T. Washington's humble Institute now boasts five professional schools and a liberal arts college. It represents, quite simply, one of the great achievements in American education.

Aram Bakshian Jr.

290 Oh, Benares

This Indian holy city has more degrading squalor than perhaps any other city in the free world—and the cause isn't poverty.

Thomas Molnar

Books Arts & Manners

296 The Czech regime has revoked Milan Kundera's citizenship. Reviewing Kundera's *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, **David Evanier** sees why: its hilarity is unsparing. . . . Aleksandr Zinoviev's Soviet citizenship has been revoked too, after his last book offended the sensibilities of an influential critic, Leonid Brezhnev. His new novel, *The Radiant Future*, won't, in the view of **J. O. Tate**, get him invited back. . . . Justin Kaplan's *Walt Whitman* sticks to the facts. The trouble, suggests **James M. Rawley**, is that the facts don't do justice to the life. . . . **Alan L. Miller** finds Marshall Frady's *Southerners* "delicious." . . . **Joseph Sobran** snores through Bruce Ackerman's *Social Justice in the Liberal State*. . . . **J. Bryan III** meets bird.

Letters	**254**
For the Record	**259**
The Week	**260**
The Current Wisdom	**270**
The Protracted Conflict	**272**
help	**284**
From the Continent	**292**
The Lawmakers	**294**
Dark Horses	**308**
On the Right	**312**
Trans-O-Gram	**314**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1980. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$24.00 a year (26 issues). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Godspeed, Mr. President

With the induction of Ronald Reagan and his administration, Americans look for new directions and new visions.

They long for an end to national drift and decline.

They yearn for restoration of America's primacy.

They hunger for greater hope for the future of themselves, their families, and their country.

Unfailingly, a change in administrations has a buoyant effect on the American spirit. All too often, though, this uplift is short-lived. We are a people impatient to get things done, quick to sour on our own leaders and institutions.

We demand so much of our government and those who lead it. We lose sight of what government actually is: an instrumentality of the *people*; a means by which we the people meet our objectives. We expect the Oval Office to turn men into miracle makers, forgetting that no President can achieve what is beyond the will and purpose of the people.

What is their will? By their votes last November, Americans indicated the course they want the nation to take under its new leadership. It embraces these needs:

- Buttressing our national defense; reasserting our free world leadership dedicated to maintaining stability and peace among nations; restoring constancy and coherence to our foreign policy and our relationships with the nations that share common values with us.
- Building our economic might through a revitalized system of free enterprise disciplined by the competitive forces of the marketplace.
- Strengthening social justice, freedom, equality; raising living standards for all; extending new opportunities to the deprived among us.
- Controlling the growth and cost of government and its intrusion into our lives and liberties.
- Slowing the pace of social experimentation, improving what is working, modifying and even discarding what is not.

The time has come for renewal and rededication. For too many, the American dream has taken on tarnish. It needs burnishing. There is much to be done — and undone. Let us begin.

Godspeed, Mr. President.

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft • Carrier • Otis • Essex • Inmont • Sikorsky
Hamilton Standard • Mostek • Elliott • Jenn-Air • Norden • Research Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Neal B. Freeman *(Washington)*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / M. Stanton Evans
George Gilder / Ernest van den Haag
Nika Hazelton / James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
Charles Burton Marshall / Michael Novak
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell / John Simon
Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker Sobran

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Colleen Lawlor *Associate Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Ione Whitlock *Associate Production Editor*
Robin Wu *Research Consultant*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
John K. Syze

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Samuel T. Cohen
Miles Copeland / John R. Coyne Jr.
David Evanier / Mary Gauerke
Paul A. Gigot / Victor Gold
Donald Hall / Malcolm Hancock
Norman Hannah / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
Nicholas King / Suzanne La Follette
Mary Martínez / Forrest McDonald
Vincent Miller / Thomas Molnar
Ferdinand Mount / George Nash
Gerhart Niemeyer / Daniel Oliver
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
Morrie Ryskind / Taki Theodoracopulos
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

Letters

Military Manpower

In their analyses of the decline of our Armed Forces, Senator Armstrong and Major Rehyansky agree on one point ["Divergent Views of the Problems of the Volunteer Armed Forces," March 6]. Our military manpower shortages are mostly in the noncommissioned officers grades. The NCO is the one segment of the military that is grossly underpaid, and he is leaving for better paying civilian jobs. Not only is he the supervisor, the foreman, the bridge between management and labor: he is the teacher. His exodus is having a critical effect on military readiness.

Jack Baily
Des Moines, Iowa

Laudation

Heroes are of two kinds: those who do the impossible, and those who endure the impossible; and of the two I think the latter the best ["Huber Matos the Undefeated," Feb. 20]. For given the opportunity, who would not strive to do the utmost, to achieve an end, with the approval of those who have the same goals in mind; but to be in solitary confinement, and carry on the ideals of a free man, that is the realm of the hero.

John Warner
Baraboo, Wis.

Solzhenitsyn and Orthodoxy

I cannot help wondering if Michael Novak's comments ["On Solzhenitsyn," Feb. 6] might not have been different were he more familiar with the Orthodox faith. For it is out of that faith that Solzhenitsyn speaks.

Mr. Novak seems to think that democracy is better suited to sinners than is the vision of Solzhenitsyn. But it is here that we find the reflection of that faith. Our goal, our task, is not just to meet the minimum standards and leave well enough alone. Any such minimum is an unfortunate compromise. And so, "the saintly eye will be scandalized," precisely because we are all to be saints, we are all to be deified, to become by grace what God is by nature. I do not think Solzhenitsyn is knocking democracy, only what we have done with it and to it.

Orthodoxy has never "baptized" any particular political system as being most in tune with Christian ideals and values. It has, at various points, adopted the vision of *imperium et sacerdotum*. Unlike the West, however, it has never ceded supremacy to either element. That this classic vision is unworkable in a religiously plural society is obvious.

But Solzhenitsyn reminds us that we have lost the vision, the ideal, which motivated our Western society. Some things are self-evident truths and are not subject to a popular vote or a Gallup poll. Mr. Novak is right in saying that a system based on lies cannot endure forever. Solzhenitsyn is also right in saying that a system which has forgotten the truth on which it was founded cannot endure, especially if it has substituted for that truth the lie that each person is strictly a autonomous individual, responsible only to himself.

For Mr. Novak's information, the Latin phrase he quotes [*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis* (Oh Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us)] is not used by the Orthodox Church in exactly that form. The Russian liturgical equivalent, *Gospodi pomilui nas* [Lord forgive us], are indeed good words for democracy, words which Solzhenitsyn begs us not to forget.

Fr. John C. Belt
Captain, USAF
Eastern Orthodox Chaplain

Supply-Side Queries

I have a couple of beefs with Tom Bethell's eloquent defense of supply-side economics ["The Death of Keynes," Dec. 31].

First, Bethell describes Keynes as "a man hostile to capitalism." Keynes, who has been described by none other than Michael Harrington (the socialist author, not the ex-congressman) as a "principled anti-socialist," would be extremely surprised to hear this, no less so than if Bethell himself were referred to as an anti-capitalist by some twenty-first century writer. (In fact, one paperback edition of *The Road to Serfdom* has some words of ecstatic praise written by Keynes on the back cover.)

More importantly, Bethell seems to make an assumption he doesn't back up with any data. He quotes Milton Friedman to justify his contention that a tax cut would deter people from seeking tax shelters. However, it would seem to me that this would be true only if the external costs of "tax-sheltering" (i. e., tax-lawyer fees, inconvenience) outweighed the benefits (the taxes that one would avoid paying). If taxes are reduced to levels minuscule enough so that the lawyer fees, etc. are greater than the taxes that would be paid, then the supply-side belief that low tax rates cause people to report greater in-come is reasonable. Otherwise,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad.
We insist it's not that black or white.

Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country—enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, that although this represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of all our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one-half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000—enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

Still, we believe that these days the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages.

Because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.

Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel—reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil—it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

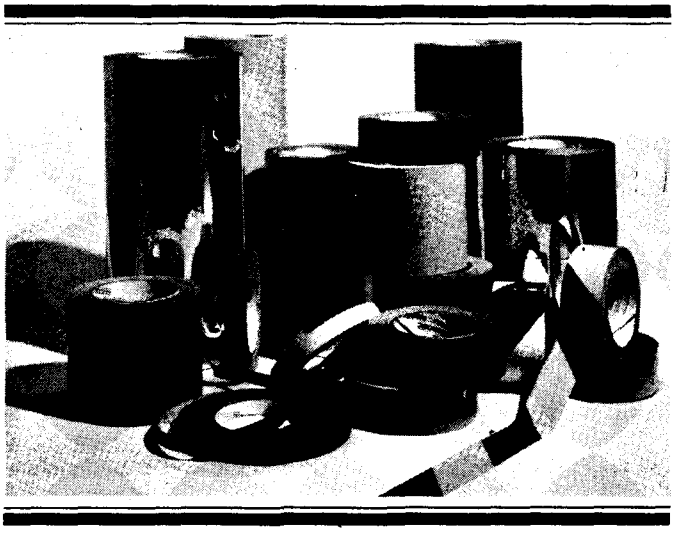
At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO
Atlantic Richfield Company

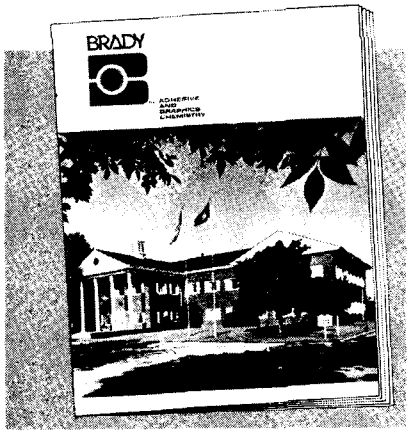
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to compete, Brady style



We're among the first to protest the government-mandated maze of regulations which dam the wellsprings of freedom and seek to substitute reams of rules for human judgment. But we still manage to run our business in unusual ways.

For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.



Technicote will provide custom coating of a customer's own product or create a completely custom-made product to meet exacting customer requirements. Just one of many innovative Brady services for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady...perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-11

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

it is fantasy. Bethell makes no attempt to prove his contention except for the Puerto Rican example and a reference to "all the major tax reductions in this century," the latter of which, without any follow-up, is unpersuasive.

Mike Lewyn
Middletown, Conn.

Reply from Mr. Bethell

Obviously tax reductions must be sufficient to offset the taxes saved by shelters. And the fact that shelters do indeed have costs (brokers fees, etc.) ensures that people will switch out of them when tax rates are lowered.

A quotation from Keynes: "For my part, I think that capitalism, wisely managed, can probably be made more efficient for attaining economic ends than any other system yet in sight, but that in itself it is in many ways extremely objectionable." (*Essays in Persuasion*)

Managed capitalism is a contradiction in terms and in effect means central planning, which Keynes loved and so wrote to Hayek: "What we want is not planning, or even less planning, indeed I should say we almost certainly need more." (Heilbroner: *The Worldly Philosophers*)

Tom Bethell
Washington, D.C.

Invention and Art

Among the many fine articles in your 25th anniversay issue Hugh Kenner's "Glimpses of All of It" intrigued me by the author's dazzling command of the obscure and the singular. I do believe, however, that his attempted link between technological advance and intellectual and artistic creativity is seriously flawed. What impulses did Homer and Shakespeare derive from the technological revolution?

I note that Mr. Kenner lists under the main creative forces of 1910-50 "Pound, Eliot, Hölderlin. . . ." *Hölderlin*? I do believe that eminent German poet lived from 1773 to 1843, and, although he may have been discovered in this century, certainly didn't owe his inspiration to its technological advances.

Stuart Chessman
Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Kenner Replies

The "technological revolution" Mr. Chessman mentions would be the one that started with the steam engine or thereabouts. But such revolutions have been recurring phenomena. "Homer," arranger of inherited oral tales, profited from the most far-reaching of all, the invention of writing. As for Shakespeare, he was an inheritor of the printed book and of marine technology that enabled voyages of discovery to "the still-vex'd Bermoothes"; he could talk to men who'd been anywhere in the world.

(Continues on page 309)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *AMERICAN SPECTATOR*

is a monthly with nervy, impudent opinions about politics, culture, and ideology.

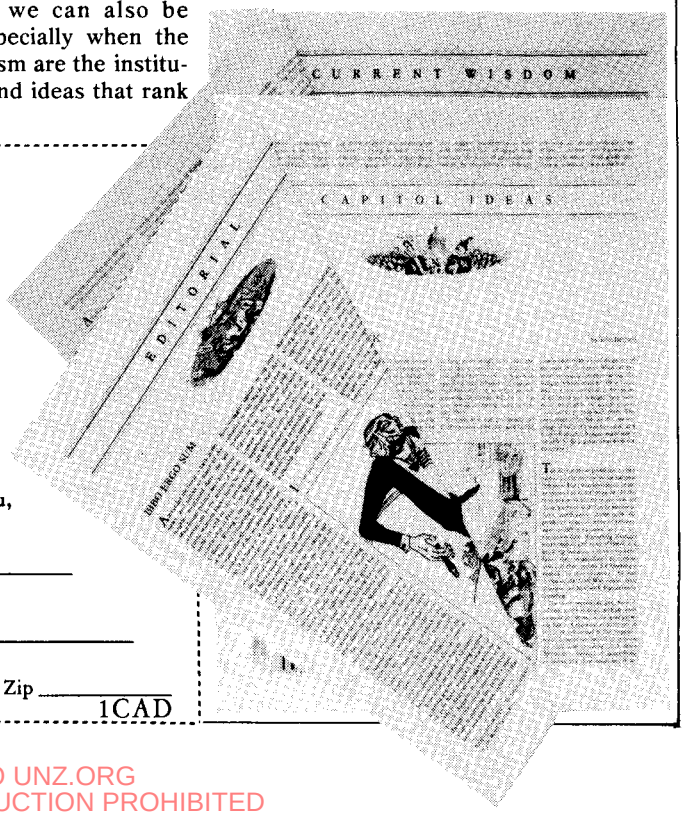
We believe in individualism, freedom, and the horselaugh as weapons against fools, phonies, and pipsqueaks in places of power.

Literate in our writing, independent in our thinking, the **Spectator** is predictable in one respect only: our appeal to your intelligence and your sense of humor.

Where else but in the **Spectator** do you find the rapacious top dog of the Kremlin pack regularly referred to by the simple and endearing cognomen of Papa Brezhnev? Where else but in the **Spectator** will you come upon a serious article wickedly subtitled "Yasir, That's My Baby"—a pull-no-punch expose of U.S. diplomats' covertly amorous courtship of Arafat's bloody PLO terrorists? Where else but in the **Spectator** can you follow a regular monthly department of important news stories that—by some curious process best left to your imagination—are totally suppressed in America's other, presumably fearless, news media? (Two recent examples: the sensational French case of a top journalist sentenced to prison as a KGB-trained "disinformation agent" for the Soviets; the execution of a prominent Iranian woman doctor who had begged European newspapermen for help in obtaining from abroad vital medical supplies denied her hospital by Khomeini's government because she dared to treat the sick and wounded in besieged, rebellious Kurdistan—she was convicted of "insurrectionary and counter-revolutionary appeal!")

By now you probably get the idea that, while **The American Spectator** takes delight in being mockingly, irreverently funny, we can also be deadly serious. Especially when the targets of our criticism are the institutions, individuals, and ideas that rank as sacred cows to the more trendily chic liberal media: SALT; HEW; affirmative action; ethnic and racial quotas; the joy of economic scarcity; windmills; Barry Commoner, Ralph Nader, Jane Fonda, and all the other peculiar species of fish, fowl, and reptile that environmentalists champion so strenuously on National Public Radio and TV.

If, like us, you have a mind for the unfashionable, the unorthodox, the frequently unprintable, live dangerously . . . join the growing roster of subscribers to **The American Spectator.** The coupon contains an offer that will save you a heap of money. Mail it today.



THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR®
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Open my one-year subscription (12 monthly issues) at your special money-saving price of only $9.95, a whopping 30% saving (regularly $15).

☐ **Check for $9.95 enclosed. In return for my prepayment send me two *additional* issues (14 for the price of only 12). Full refund guaranteed if I don't like the first issue.**

☐ **Bill me for $9.95 (sorry, no additional issues; only 12). If I don't like my first issue I'll write "cancel" across the invoice, return it to you, and owe nothing.**

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

1CAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHOOSE THE MORTGAGE THAT'S BEST FOR YOU.

Today, choosing the right kind of mortgage is as important as choosing the right house. The 30-year, fixed-rate loan has been joined by a variety of new types of mortgages, designed to help home buyers and lenders cope with rapidly changing interest rates.

THE STANDARD MORTGAGE

Many lenders still offer the fixed-rate, 30-year mortgage. Since it's issued at an interest rate that stays the same over the life of the loan, your monthly payments (principal and interest) remain constant. However, in exchange for the assurance of level payments, interest rates may be higher for these mortgages than for the newer types.

Government-backed FHA and VA mortgages have fixed rates which may be lower than conventionally financed loans, but lenders usually compensate by charging "points" to the seller. (A point equals 1% of the mortgage.) The seller may therefore be less willing to negotiate on his asking price.

GRADUATED PAYMENT LOANS

One of the new kinds of loans, the Graduated Payment Mortgage (GPM), is set up so that monthly payments start out lower and then increase gradually to a predetermined limit that is higher than for level-payment mortgages. GPMs permit buyers who expect their future income to increase to qualify for larger loans.

MORTGAGES WITH CHANGING RATES

Another new type of loan comes in a variety of forms, called adjustable rate, variable rate or renegotiated rate mortgages. They all work basically the same way: their interest rates will go up or down, within stated limits, over the term of the loan. The amount of the adjustment depends upon changes in prevailing interest rates. Lenders frequently offer lower initial rates on these loans than for standard fixed-rate mortgages.

ASK QUESTIONS UNTIL YOU'RE SURE

Choosing the right kind of mortgage is more complicated and probably more important now than ever before. It makes sense to talk to someone experienced in real estate, to ask lots of questions all along the way, and to compare the offerings of all types of lenders, such as savings and loan associations, banks, mortgage companies and credit unions.

For additional information to help you shop for a mortgage to fit your particular needs, write for our free booklet.

WHAT IS FANNIE MAE?

Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association, is a shareholder-owned corporation which helps meet people's housing needs by supplying money to the home mortgage industry. We do not make loans directly to consumers. But by purchasing mortgages from local lenders, we replenish their funds for further lending.

Since becoming a private corporation in 1968, Fannie Mae has invested in housing for more than three million American families. Federal National Mortgage Association, 3900 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

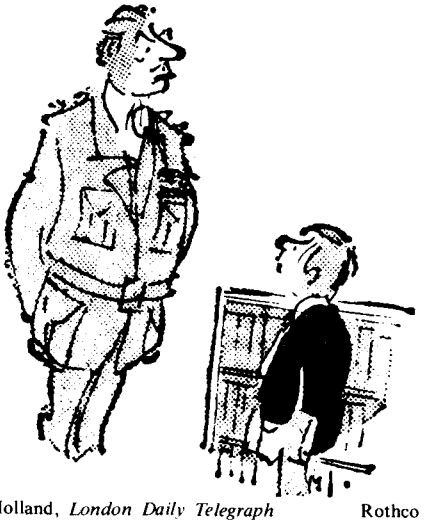
FANNIE MAE America's Mortgage Resource

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Want to know who elected **Ronald Reagan**? **Gloria Steinem** knows. He was, she told U. of Pittsburgh students the other night, "elected by the whitest, richest, oldest, malest group in history." What kind of a man did the whitest, richest, oldest, malest elect? **Ralph Nader** knows: "A cruel man with an amiable smile" and, deepest cut of all, a man "much more cruel than **Nixon**, as the people of this country will find out." . . . But some people continue to be fooled. Democratic Representative **Geraldine Ferraro** (N.Y.) has been hearing from her constituents clear and loud: "The message is: Do what the President says." . . . And even House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** admits that, of the first thousand communications he got after the economic speech, 997 urged him to go along with the President's tax-cutting, budget-cutting proposals. . . . Meanwhile, late polls show the President's personal popularity is brushing off on his party. Only seven percentage points now separate people identifying themselves as **Democrats** from people identifying themselves as **Republicans** (32 to 25 per cent); during the campaign the Democrats led by twenty points, according to pollster **Richard Wirthlin**. . . . *Washington Post* reporter **David Broder**, covering the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee that named **Charles Manatt** as its new National Chairman, comments that "sometime in the last thirty days the name of the 39th President has been changed from **Jimmy Carter** to Difficult Circumstances" as in "**John C. White** became chairman under 'difficult circumstances.'"

■ What are people thinking in the first months of the Reagan Administration? Three **Gallup** findings. Americans are not averse to budget cuts because they believe that 48 cents of every tax dollar collected is wasted. . . . Of those familiar with the argument that a lowering of the **minimum wage** for teenagers would increase teenage employment, nearly half are in favor of doing so. . . . Half of the black population believes that **busing** to achieve school integration "has caused more difficulties than it is worth." . . . And a finding: there is little kicking about the high cost of medicine and hospitalization, because of every $100 spent on **health care** today, $43 comes from federal, state, or local government.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"'The thin red line,' my boy, is what ministers put through defense spending plans."

■ Refreshing: The U.S. didn't mind finding itself in the minority in Geneva a fortnight ago when it voted with **Argentina**, **Brazil**, and **Uruguay** in opposing a resolution authorizing the UN Human Rights Commission to continue to give *special attention* to the human-rights situation in **Chile**. The vote was 22 to 4. . . . *New York Times* Latin American reporter **Alan Riding** reports that Salvadoran rebel leaders are no longer getting warm receptions from Social Democratic governments in Costa Rica, Venezuela, and the Dominican Republic (although still well received by members of the **Socialist International** in West Germany, Sweden, and Austria). . . . The British Labor Party (**Michael Foot** and **Tony Benn**'s Labor Party), incidentally, has adopted a resolution supporting the Democratic Revolutionary Front, i.e., the rebels, and demanding that the British government denounce any U.S. intervention in the affairs of El Salvador. . . . But then it was a bevy of British Laborites, headed by **Ronald Brown**, who found "to their satisfaction" last January that Afghan officials run the government of Afghanistan. . . . Fewer Italians believe it would be a good thing to include **Communists** in the government today than at any time in the last five years, for three reasons: 1) Afghanistan, 2) Poland, 3) restored confidence in the U.S.

■ The eighth Conservative Political Action Conference will take place at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, March 19-22, with Ronald Reagan as principal speaker. Other headliners: **Jack Kemp**, **Phyllis Schlafly**, **Strom Thurmond**, **Jesse Helms**, **Orrin Hatch**, **Phil Crane**. (For info write: CPAC '81, Route 1, Box 1002, Sterling, Va. 22170.) . . . The Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge has selected as recipients of the 1981 George Washington Honor Medal for non-profit publisher/publication, *The Rockford Papers* (of the Rockford Institute) and its editor, **Leopold Tyrmand**.

■ DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH THE LEFT: A benefit for the anti-**Mobuto** Congolese National Liberation Front was recently held by the **Patrice Lumumba** Coalition at the **Harriet Tubman** School on **Adam Clayton Powell** Boulevard in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ "PEKING ANNOUNCES AUSTERITY PLAN; PRIVATE BUSINESS TO BE ENCOURAGED." (*New York Times*, March 1, page 1). My God, is Reagan President of China too?

■ A certain amount of amusement has been provided by the efforts, so far unsuccessful, to sink a hook somewhere in the Reagan Administration. For a hectic week or so, Alexander Haig was targeted. Columns on Watergate, on Cambodia. It fizzled. The country liked Haig's firmness, and is bored by Watergate; Haig sailed in. Next, James Watt was selected to carry the can, as an alleged anti-environmentalist who would make a lousy Secretary of the Interior. Forget it. The country likes the idea of more oil wells, and is not losing sleep over those ticks and weeds we keep hearing so much about. Next, it was the "rich"—so far, another loser issue. The country knows we need more investment, lots of it. The latest target is Dr. Ernest W. Lefever, Reagan's choice for Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights. Lefever, 61, is a first-rate academic and a trained theologian who has written 14 books. He thinks we should lay off friendly places like Chile. The liberals desperately need a villain of some sort, however, and, just possibly, may be able to paint Lefever black, but we hope not. The country, after all, isn't interested in kicking Chile around either, perceiving no threat posed by Chile to U.S. interests. The action in these cases, from Haig through Lefever, does possess a symbolic character, each of the cases embodying a principal liberal theme: a) Haig, liberal hostility to a hard line; b) Watt, environmental hostility to economic expansion; c) the rich, liberal egalitarianism and a politics of envy; and d) Lefever, liberal hostility toward America's friends in the Third World.

■ The Reagan Administration will seek $300 million during the next fiscal year for the development of space laser technology. The latest breakthroughs include X-ray beams aimed by ultraviolet, infrared telescopes. Mounted on satellites, these lasers would be capable of destroying incoming enemy missiles before they had shed their booster rockets. "One hundred such weapons," according to a Pentagon report, "could cope with a simultaneous launch of one thousand ICBMs." The Soviets meanwhile already have a prototype land-based laser able to shoot down low-orbiting spy satellites, as well as a program three to five times larger than ours. General George Keegan, who resigned as chief of U.S. Air Force intelligence in 1977 because Carter ignored his warnings about Soviet laser technology, approves of Reagan's interest, but warns "there is still a failure to appreciate the significance of the progress we've made and the possibilities that are at hand."

■ Intellectual realists are preparing for battle with political flaccidness, and have organized the independent Committee for the Free World, comprising four hundred prominent intellectuals from a dozen countries. The announced purpose is to "alter the climate of confusion and complacency, apathy and self-denigration that plays so decisive a role in weakening the Western will to resist totalitarian threats." Midge Decter, writer and former editor at Basic Books, is the Committee's founder and executive director. Raymond Aron is International Chairman, Leopold Labedz is European Chairman. On the board of directors sit Paul Johnson, of the American Enterprise Institute; philosopher Leszek Kolakowski; Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest*; Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*; playwright Tom Stoppard; and George F. Will, to name but a few. The committee is to "reconstitute the kind of community of Europeans and Americans" that was created by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, according to Midge Decter. However, the immediate concern will be with political opinion in America as it is found in books, the news, and the classroom. A monthly bulletin to monitor and challenge news reports that are factually wrong will be issued, and three international conferences are planned for next year: sole agenda item for the first is Soviet expansionism. For now, the Committee is by its name asserting that behind the phrase "the Free World" there is a tangible reality—which is a good place to begin.

■ Upon visiting Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Pope called it "the high point of my apostolic journey to Japan," and added, "to remember Hiroshima is to commit oneself to peace." Let us *devoutly* hope that he had in mind the abrupt end to war, the enormous savings of lives, and the just peace that followed the bombings.

■ Among his many distinctions, *NR* Contributing Editor Michael Novak is now chief U.S. delegate to the UN Human Rights Commission in Geneva. In contrast to Andrew Young, whose "candor" made headlines here but ingratiated him with the Third World despots, Novak has had little publicity at home while shocking the delegates from the less-than-free world. Novak has had the gall to defend the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A curious and quite unwonted atmosphere has descended upon this city. The capital (and the nation?) at last feels as if it is being governed. This unaccustomed sensation is altogether different from that sense of vagrant drift that Jimmy Carter generated for four flaccid years, when the government seemed on automatic pilot with no radar, on cruise control with no steering wheel. This metamorphosis is no small achievement for six weeks of effort.

■ Ronald Reagan's governance has manifested itself in a series of speedy decisions and less speedy administrative actions. On the domestic side, the President ordered a general moratorium on new regulations, curtailed federal hiring, established a regulatory study group (headed by George Bush), eliminated price and allocation controls on crude oil, struck down bilingual education, and, most importantly, advanced a tax and budget reduction package of such revolutionary dimensions as to be the envy of our allies, notably the redoubtable Margaret Thatcher.

■ In foreign policy, Reagan restored economic and military ties with Chile, sought conciliatory meetings with Mexican President López Portillo and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, moved to augment our military power by increasing the defense budget, cemented ties with South Korea, got an agreement from Margaret Thatcher that would move the British (and the French) to supplement our rapid deployment force with their naval power in the Persian Gulf, dismantled export controls on hazardous substances, worked out an astute deal to sell the Saudis F-15 parts while at the same time seeking to conciliate the Israelis by beefing up the number of their F-15 fighters and supplying advanced radar equipment to detect any Saudi planes in the unlikely event that they should stray west, and, most importantly, drawn the line in El Salvador.

■ The administrative side of the conservative takeover has been much less impressive. Repopulating the bureaucracy has been at best sporadic, at worst slow and indecisive. Not a single assistant secretary has been installed in the Department of Energy. Justice and State are short-staffed. White House personnel apologists persist in using Jimmy Carter's appointments record as a benchmark of acceptable speed, which is something like using Rita Jenrette as a benchmark of conjugal fidelity. Staffing of high Labor, Education, Agriculture, and HUD posts has been similarly dilatory.

Interior, under Secretary James G. Watt, is a refreshing exception. Watt hit the ground racing. His department is already largely restaffed, many of his public policies and programs have already been announced, and he is indisputably in charge. The Secretary's earlier seven years in the Department have stood him in good stead. Incidentally, those years were evenly divided: three and one-half years on the power/development side of Interior's *Aufgabe* and three and one-half years in environment/conservation.

■ Various reasons have been suggested as to why the delay and intermittent chaos regarding appointments: Cabinet officers were designated latish; the draconian Ethics in Government Act is being applied for the first time; the head of personnel, E. Pendleton James, lost his super-efficient deputy; FBI clearances have been slow, especially when the candidate has been overseas during the last two years; and many White House heavies have chop on the appointments, including Ed Meese, Jim Baker, Dick Allen, Marty Anderson, and (surprise, surprise) Dave Stockman.

Each of those is individually valid, but together they do not justify the intolerable protraction of this process. Pen James, the imported Los Angeles headhunter, is taking the heat, and has drawn some bad ink from the *Washington Post*. Further, he is thought to be neglecting the appointment of Reaganites who labored in the last election vineyard and in the one before. This has inspired Lyn Nofziger to set up his own shadow personnel operation to put these loyalists in place (mostly lower-level) and on the ready for future political use. So now we have two personnel shops: James, who appoints few Reaganites, and Nofziger, who appoints only Reaganites.

■ Washington's political cognoscenti are beginning to remark the watershed character of the recent Supreme Court decision (*DNC* v. *LaFollette*) which accentuates the importance of control over party machinery for 1984 presidential aspirants. This seminal doctrine says that national committees can gerrymander the allocation of delegates among states, or dictate affirmative action requirements in delegate selection, without fear of any judicial intervention. The bottom line is that party machinery and rule can be employed openly to favor particular candidates without opportunity for judicial review. The message to Ronald Reagan is clear: maintain tight control over party machinery. Verb. sap. sat.

—CATO

States ("'Boat people' still come to our shores—to breathe air that is free"), Israel ("I have heard in this chamber attacks upon 'Zionism' in accents of a murderous hatred not heard since the days of the Nazis"), and even, *mirabile dictu*, *capitalism* (unprintable). He suggests the inanity of discussing "human rights" with people who assume the propriety of state monopolies of wealth and enterprise—national socialism, in short—thereby undercutting the institutional foundation for liberty, without which all "rights" exist by the sufferance of power. Mr. Novak has stunningly raised one of the great neglected issues of international diplomacy, and we are very, very proud of him.

■ CENTRISTS BOLT LABOR PARTY, read most of the headlines when four former Labor cabinet ministers and a dozen or more Labor MPs split from the party last week and set up a new Social Democratic Party in Parliament, edging out the until-then third-place Liberals. The new Social Democrats are, to be sure, in favor of NATO and the Common Market,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and against unilateral disarmament. But let's not forget that it was David Owen, as Foreign Minister under James Callaghan, who masterminded the defeat of Rhodesia, and Shirley Williams, as Education Secretary, who came out against any form of private education in Britain. While well to the right of Tony Benn and his crazies these new Social Democrats are the same egalitarian, redistributionist folk who brought England to the pass from which Margaret Thatcher is trying to extract it.

■ Iran's revolution caught the CIA by surprise, but not the smart money in Iran. A few years before the revolution, wealthy Iranians began funneling their money out of the country to safer places around the globe, e.g., Switzerland and the U.S. In recent months, U.S. bankers have noticed a surge in deposits from Saudi Arabia—and much of the money is coming from the vaults of the Saudi royal family.

■ The Emperor's New Kolkhoz Dept. A visiting Soviet commissar says that self-sufficiency is a "very realistic" goal for Soviet food production. Maybe they're expecting better weather than they've had the last 63 years.

■ Lou Harris, pollster and chairman of the American Council for the Arts, has a way of getting the Public Opinion he seeks: he has discovered an America that resists tax cuts, for instance, but pines for the Equal Rights Amendment. Now he has surveyed his countrymen on a subject dear to his heart, and found: "By 59 per cent to 39 per cent, a solid majority are willing to pay $15 more in taxes, if need be, to assist the arts financially." If *need* be? With so much sentiment out there, why don't they just resolve to spend $15 more per annum on the arts? Or voluntarily pool their money and donate it to the Muses? Why a *tax*? Are they eager to force even those who feel otherwise to pay too? Or did they feel Mr. Harris was subtly nudging them to prove they weren't philistines, whereupon he rushed forth with their responses to demonstrate a new mandate for an expanded public sector? We wonder, does Mr. Harris consider polling a science, or an art?

■ You're probably wondering why Union Station in Washington, D.C. is the only railroad station in the world with carpeting. Well, it's because Congress decided to pretty up the place a few years ago, at a cost of $115 million. You may also be wondering why Union Station is closed. That's because Congress did not think to fix the leaky roof, so the leakage has ruined the restoration and made the building unsafe. The good news is that the government's $3.5-million-a-year lease on the place only runs twenty more years, so it will only cost $70 million to keep Union Station closed.

■ In answer to a question at a recent lecture, Walter Mondale, the former suburb of Los Angeles, opined: "I don't think the irrational right-wing slop will sell for long." The elitist assumptions fatuously displayed here beg for unmasking. Liberal ideas, for Mondale, are socially "high." They are "clean." Other ideas are "low," they are "slop." Liberal ideas are bound up with Mondale's own sense of status. He is not about to ask whether they are true or not. In fact, it doesn't *matter* whether they are true or not, not for this deposed breathing cliché.

■ The GSA is experimenting with having bureaucrats work at home. How can they judge the results? You could send all the bureaucrats home, and nobody would know the difference.

■ It has apparently not occurred to any journalist, anywhere, to inquire of Jimmy Carter his opinion about anything. At least we haven't seen any such item. And that about says it all.

■ Five years ago a salvage team found the hull of the *U.S.S. Hatteras*, a Union gunship sunk off Galveston in 1863. Now a judge has ruled that the salvagers can't keep it, because the ship still belongs to the Navy. This seems at odds with the usual rules of salvage, but we need every ship we can get to modernize the Navy.

■ A new law in Santa Ana, California, makes those guilty of misdemeanors pay $18.80 a day for room and board when they go to jail. Hardened criminals get it free.

One, Two, Many Vietnams

The number of American military instructors in El Salvador has passed fifty, and everywhere liberal rhetoric about the lessons of Vietnam (wilted somewhat by exposure to the Cambodian holocaust) is recrudescent. Vietnam, so the rhetoric goes, demonstrated the invincibility of revolutionary guerrillas. Americans cannot oppose them without experiencing failure on the battlefield and division at home. Military aid to El Salvador, resumed and expanded by the Reagan Administration, must lead us once again into the morass.

If false analogies were horses, intellectual beggars might ride. The Vietnam analogy distorts both the history of the Vietnam War, and the current situation in Central America. The South Vietnamese were not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beaten by the local guerrillas, the Vietcong (who were smashed in the Tet Offensive), but by the regular army of North Vietnam, funneled into the South through Laos and Cambodia, and supplied by Soviet arms transported across China, or shipped directly into Haiphong. This powerful conventional army launched a massive attack on the South in the spring of 1972, deploying missile launchers, 54-ton tanks, and 130-millimeter self-propelled guns. The United States Air Force beat them back. Three years later, the North Vietnamese juggernaut rolled again. This time there was no American air cover, and a dovecote Congress refused even to replenish South Vietnamese ammunition and fuel. The North, not surprisingly, won.

The Salvadoran guerrillas have so far made little headway. Their "final offensive" this January flopped, and the general strike called to coincide with it never materialized. Like the Vietcong before them, they will need large conventional reinforcements to succeed. But where are these reinforcements to come from? No major Communist power shares a border with El Salvador. Mexico, playing to the leftist galleries, supports the rebels; but it is unprepared, economically, militarily, or diplomatically, to intervene in their favor. Cuban and Soviet weapons have been flowing in through Nicaragua. But Nicaragua, heeding the change in Washington, has already promised (or made a pretense of promising) to interdict the flow. Cuba, if it comes to that, can be subjected to naval quarantine, its harbors mined.

The Salvadoran junta is far from its enemies, and close to its friends. The Marxists should take a drubbing on this one.

Murder outside the Cathedral

The murder in December of three American nuns and one lay missionary belonging to the Maryknoll Order received wide press coverage when it occurred, and is likely to be a recurring motif of left-wing polemics on the Salvadoran revolution.

Three months before the slayings, *NR* contributor Michael Novak wrote a pair of syndicated columns analyzing the politics of the Maryknoll Order. It was a grim picture. "Even some Maryknoll priests refer to their new leadership as the 'Marxist Maryknoll Missionaries,'" Novak wrote. "One Maryknoll priest, who asked that his name not be used, estimates about 250 of the one thousand missionaries are now Marxists. Maryknoll publications . . . feature many anti-capitalistic, pro-socialist materials." Novak quoted chapter and verse: Moises Sanoval, director of publications, writing in the July issue of the order's fundraising magazine an encomium to "priests taking up arms, and others espousing the cause of those who feel that only blood will redeem Central America"; Reverend Miguel d'Escoto, Sanoval's predecessor in the publication post, noting in the introduction to a Maryknoll-published book that the reluctance of the Nicaraguan elite to accept a "democratic and anti-imperialistic type of socialism" would only prove that the Sandinistas "had been right all along in choosing violence and guerrilla warfare as the only viable strategy to bring about change" (Father d'Escoto subsequently became foreign minister of Nicaragua); an August newsletter mailed to Maryknoll insiders pitied "Catholics living in industrialized capitalist democracies" for being "trapped in the evil structures of capitalist materialism."

The comments of Maryknollers after the sisters' deaths were quite in keeping with this ideology. "We have a mission based on the Gospel," said president Melinda Roper, "which has political implications." Edward Killackey, director of the Office of Justice and Peace, chided newsmen for ignoring "the interface between kingdom and church, between faith and ideology, between missionaries and their solidarity—unto death—with the poor and marginated." Sister Maura Clarke, one of the nuns who was killed, had declined in an interview in a church magazine in August to "judge anyone who has resort to violence, as in the case of Nicaragua, because of the institutional injustice and violence present in the country for years and years."

The Maryknoll leadership, in short, espouses Christian Marxism in its grossest forms, inoculates its rank and file with these delusions, then sets them up like ducks in Central American shooting galleries. It does not lessen our abhorrence of murderous thugs to describe the order's conduct as despicable.

Night of the Long Knives

Washington Democrats are saying that the Reagan Administration's projections for its economic policy are too rosy. They have a joke that the highest appointed woman in the Administration is Rosy Scenario.

In actual fact Rosy almost got born, but she was aborted by Dr. Alan Greenspan. The good doctor argued that after all the bad performance of the economy in the recent past, no one would believe optimistic economic projections, even with the Reagan Administration's radical change in policies. Therefore the Administration's projections of real economic growth were pushed *down* below what its analysis supported, and the inflation projections were pushed *up*.

The consequences of Greenspan's political doctoring of the Treasury/OMB economic analysis were devastating. First, the Administration had to cancel its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plans to compare the favorable effects of its new policies with the performance of the previous Administration: the *actual* real economic growth rates of the economy in 1976, 1977, and 1978 are better than what the Reagan Administration now *projects* for its term in office. Where then is the power of supply-side economics? Why suffer the pain of budget-cutting when the Administration's economic projections show so little to be gained by it?

Second, by forcing the Treasury/OMB real-economic-growth-rate projections below the rates analysis does support, Greenspan made it all but impossible for OMB Director David Stockman to balance the budget by 1984. The key to President Reagan's strategy of combining tax cuts with a balanced budget is the budget relief that comes from higher real economic growth rates. Depressing these rates in order to make them "credible" is a sure-fire way of making it impossible to cut taxes *and* balance the budget. Indeed, Mr. Stockman got his budget balanced only by the skin of his teeth. Ths lack of any margin with the deficit could mean that the tax cuts will be compromised if the Administration cannot make all of the budget cuts stick.

The Washington press corps has been interpreting the conservative economic projections as an intellectual defeat for the supply-siders in the Administration at the hands of the conventional economists. However, something more mundane may be involved. The President's supply-side forces are positioned on each side of the White House, with one division at OMB and another at Treasury. But within the White House itself, the President forgot to appoint any. The same men who described supply-side economics as "voodoo economics" are now on the White House staff.

After convincing themselves that the supply-siders had been intimidated by the oft-repeated press report that their influence has been eroded, the conservative Keynesians in the Administration embarked on an effort to capture the explanation of the President's economic policy. Over the weekend prior to the President's announcement of his economic package, the anti-supply-siders drafted a report which explained the new policies in Keynesian terms. The purpose of the tax cuts, said the draft report, is to stimulate demand in order to take up the slack in under-utilized production capacity. This attempt to steal the explanation of the President's program was, however, routed by the supply-siders in Treasury and OMB.

The question is obvious: Why have a supply-side policy without a supply-side explanation? A lot of infighting could be avoided if there were another supply-sider in the White House besides Ronald Reagan.

In this night of the long knives, which can determine the success or failure of the Reagan Administration, there lies an opportunity for Representative Jack Kemp, the congressional champion of supply-side economics, and long close to Reagan. Make no mistake about it, a firm Reagan foreign policy is linked indissolubly to political and economic performance at home. Reagan's arms expenditures, and his political credibility in Paris, London, Bonn, Tokyo, and Moscow, depend on the political results of the next few months and the economic trends of the next two years. Representative Kemp, a vigorous supply-sider, has also developed a reputation as the man who steps up to the mark, and then somehow doesn't do it. The current struggle is, of course, Kemp's as well as Reagan's. For their future and ours, Representative Kemp must take the lead in a successful congressional battle for a rejuvenated American economy.

"Here it is! The hot issue of Penthouse with Reverend Falwell."

Millions (Trillions?) For Defense

President Reagan's intentions concerning improvement of U.S. defense capabilities were made clear in his budget address, which specified defense as the single exception to plans to slow down rates of increase for federal expenditures in general. The question here is how much, not whether. Comparison with what the previous Administration had in mind may help in understanding the magnitudes. The numbers here are expressed in dollars of the value assumed for fiscal year 1982 in the final Carter projections (call them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Being Doctrinaire

Keep the right wing strong.
—General von Schlieffen's last words

The Kaiser had a master plan
For winning in a hurry,
But in the field they tinkered so
The strategy got blurry.
Now Ronald Reagan's riding on
Professor Laffer's theory,
And if the tax cut gets the axe,
It's "Hello, hara-kiri."

W. H. VON DREELE

Carter future dollars) and reflect contemplated outlays as distinguished from total obligational authority —that is to say, sums to be spent by the Executive Branch rather than funds which Congress will put into its account.

Carter's budget message of last year anticipated $1,130 billion in defense outlays over the fiscal years 1982-86. That sum would represent annual increments at a rate of about 4 per cent. Carter's budget in the version transmitted early this year proposed outlays of $1,172 billion in the same span. This figure represented increments at a rate of about 5 per cent per year. The cumulative total for five years in the later version was about 3.7 per cent larger than the earlier version.

The Reagan proposal is for outlays of $175 billion above the more recent Carter projection for the quinquennium concerned. They would bring the cumulative outlay to about $1,347 billion. Year-by-year increments in the Reagan projections progress from 5.7 per cent for fiscal year 1982 to 7.3 per cent for fiscal year 1986. The cumulative increase contemplated would add another 15 percentage points to the 3.7 per cent in Carter's later projection.

Figuring out what the respective projections portend for defense outlays as portions of Gross National Product and of the federal budget as a whole involves factoring in the two Presidents' contrasting plans for the economy and for other sorts of federal expenditures. The last Carter projection anticipated percentage increases for defense expenditures over the five years concerned from 5.6 to 6.3 as a portion of GNP and from 24.3 to 27.9 as a portion of total federal outlays. In corresponding Reagan projections, the defense portion of GNP goes from 6.3 to 7.7 per cent and of federal outlays from 26.9 to 39.1 per cent.

These figures—to repeat—pertain to contemplated outlays. They would sound even more awesome with total obligational authority figured in, but the difference would not be significant in terms of economic impact. Expressed in Reagan future dollars, moreover, the arithmetic sounds slightly less awesome. Anyway, they are numbers to make your head swim. Most of the particular programs of force expansion and modernization are yet to be decided on, planned out, and revealed. Full effects measured in enhanced security lie some years ahead. What can be said at the moment is that the figures very closely correspond to estimates of defense requirements put forth by the Committee on the Present Danger. Big figures, indeed! —but the necessity is obvious to us. To call them also sufficient would be implicitly to excuse the country's allies from additional shares of the burden—another subject for another day.

Is Darwin God?

"We don't have to prove or disprove evolution or the Creation. We are not asking for equal time or any time. We are just saying, 'Don't tell my client's kids, in the classroom, that their religious beliefs are wrong.' " So says Richard Turner, lawyer for the plaintiffs in a trial now under way in California. The event has already been widely described as a second Scopes trial—which, in a sense, it is.

Though Scopes was formally convicted (suspended sentence), his trial was a major cultural victory for the Left, which has controlled the mythology of the case. Few moviegoers who watched Fredric March play William Jennings Bryan as an apoplectic fundamentalist realized that Bryan had actually bested Clarence Darrow in their debate. Bryan pointed out that Darrow's defense of the murderers Leopold and Loeb the previous year, 1924, undermined his present defense of Scopes. Darrow had contended that the young men were victims of their professors, whose Nietzschean contempt for moral traditions had made them think they were beyond good and evil. If teachers must be held responsible, Bryan pointed out, the state of Tennessee could hardly permit its school system to propagate a view of man as mere animal, *below* good and evil.

Nonetheless, the Scopes trial helped establish the sound modern insight that the Bible is no substitute for modern empirical science. To give fundamentalist creationism equal time would be to confuse categories.

That having been said, it is also true that Darwin is no substitute for the Bible. Social Darwinism sanctions ruthlessness. Hitlerian and Marxist improvisations on Darwin go even further, justifying "higher" and "progressive" elites in helping evolution along by wiping out "lower" and "reactionary" human residues of allegedly earlier phases of development. Generically, these bastardized Darwinisms amount to scientism—the reduction of man to the mere product of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

material forces, with no divine origin or destiny, no transcendent dimension.

Ironically, this unscientific scientism—dogmatic and comprehensive where real science is probing and provisional—has become the new establishment, and this is what the California plaintiffs are fighting. The omnicompetent state in our time bases its claims on notions of a virtually omniscient kind of knowledge it calls scientific, but which in fact (as Eric Voegelin has shown) involves a kind of nescience, a closed dogma about reality. God exists and man can know Him. But the proprietors of the omnicompetent state—the New Class—have a stake in keeping Him unknown.

The New Class finds its status and power threatened on many fronts, the California case being just one. It now appears, ironically, that the future is against them. Recent thought, from Robert Jastrow in astronomy to George Gilder in economics, challenges even at the empirical level the view that knowledge can be static: discovery continues to unfold as long as the mind confronts the universe. And knowledge doesn't grow predictably: it explodes in random individual bursts, responding to concrete *things*. No state, ruled by an expert class, can presume to set limits on it.

The future looks as menacing to public education as to socialism. "'Fundamentalist' and 'evangelical' schools and colleges," notes Peter Drucker in the *Wall Street Journal*, "have shown an amazing ability to prosper during a period of rising costs and dropping enrollments elsewhere. All this is anathema, of course, to the public education establishment. But economics, student needs, and our new understanding of how people learn are bound to break the traditional education monopoly just as trucks and airplanes broke the monopoly of the railroads, and computers and 'chips' are breaking the telephone monopoly." Only private education—education on the market principle—appears adequate to the dynamism of modern life.

Eeeeeow! This Is Getting Serious!

There's a big flap over affirmative action on the *Harvard Law Review*. Until now, the eighty top law students at Harvard have been on the *Review*, a choice career jumping-off spot. The proposal now is that race and sex be added to class rank and writing skill as criteria for selection. The reason, familiar enough, is that not enough minorities are making it under the old rules.

In this case, for the first time, the *New York Times* has come out against affirmative action, an example of something getting just too close to home. While *New York Times* editors don't know many industrial workers, where they think affirmative action applies, they do know law students, where, well, it just doesn't.

But things are not going smoothly for the new racism at Harvard. The proposed reforms were the subject of a loud and bitter debate among *Law Review* staffers, so much so that the original plan for a strict racial quota, passed by a majority, had to be scrapped and replaced by a resolution that minorities and women "be represented to some significant, *or at least untrivial, extent*." Even this watered-down version passed only narrowly, by a 44 to 36 vote.

The Harvard dissenters aren't objecting to affirmative action per se, of course, but only to "the utility of affirmative-action programs *at the highest level*." No one is questioning the value of affirmative action at—well, er, *other levels*. It's okay for those *others*, but not for *us*. Let 'em eat cake.

Retribution

Dan Rostenkowski's Ways and Means
May blow our bill to smithereens
By dilly-dallying till fall,
But as his tactics cast a pall,
I rather doubt he'll go great guns
When, soon, Dan Rostenkowski runs.

W. H. VON DREELE

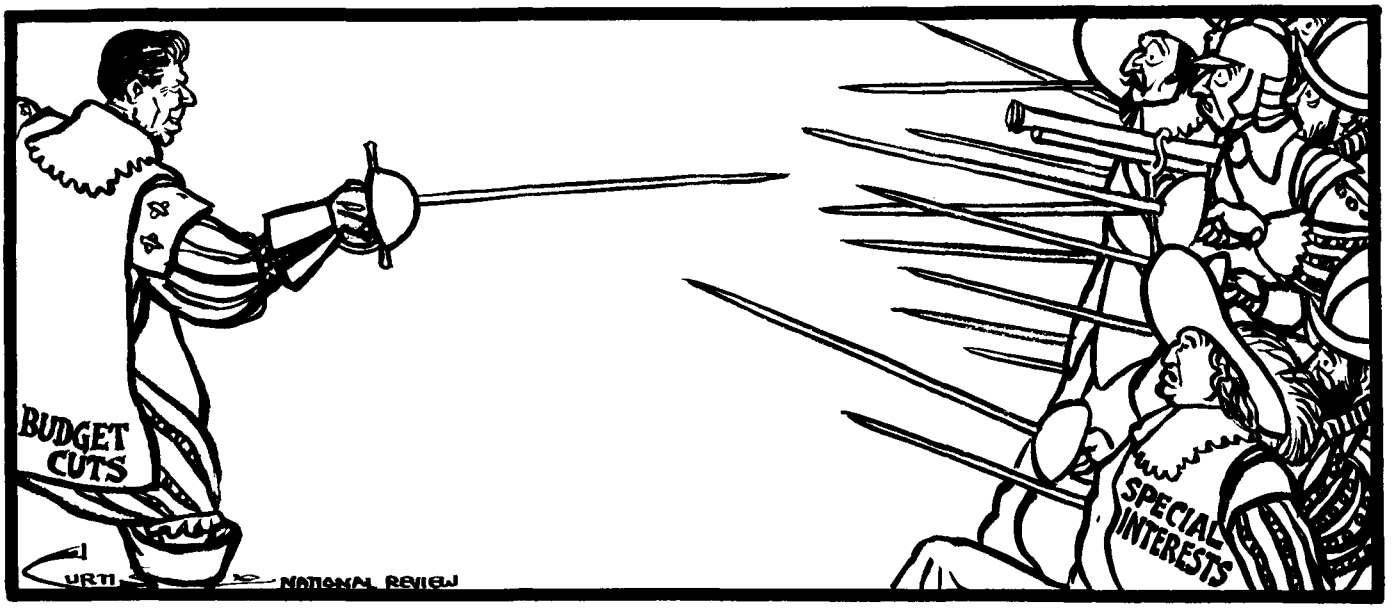
The Meaning of Cronkite

TV anchorman Walter Cronkite, now stepping down, appears to mark the end of a line. He is the last of the great radio-TV newsmen, a special breed going back through Edward R. Murrow, Howard K. Smith, and Eric Sevareid—who were shaped decisively by World War II—to the earlier Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter, Walter Winchell, and Raymond Gram Swing, who emerged out of the Thirties.

All of these figures had their roots in print journalism, and they were newsmen before they became personalities in the electronic media. The current generation of TV news stars represents something quite different. They are hired because they look like Robert Redford or are otherwise sexy, or because they are women, or black, or Chinese. They do not cover the story in the traditional sense, they merely read it; and they mostly do not write their own copy. They do not write books or even articles, and they are not known for independent analysis.

The great newsmen were figures of a different order altogether. In the older tradition, Cronkite was not just a speaking head but a great reporter. With a sure instinct, he went where the story was, the man who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"En garde!"

was there. Only once within memory did he commit a professional *faux pas*: when, eager to get the story of Ford's vice presidential candidacy at Detroit in 1980, Cronkite became part of the story and was used by Ford to pressure Reagan and the Convention.

Cronkite had his political views (liberal), but he was a pro and his bias was usually muted. His essential liberalism once leaped out nakedly, when he expressed momentary delight at the idea of being John Anderson's running-mate. Content analysis of the CBS News coverage of the 1968 election showed a clear skew toward Humphrey. After Tet, Cronkite was visibly against the war. But when Cronkite had a bias, it generally took a suave and even subliminal form.

Cronkite became a legend, a national father-figure, a symbol of decency and good character. The name Cronkite became synonymous with news the way the word Kodak once was synonymous with cameras. No current TV news personality has that stature and that authority, and because of the changes that have taken place in the profession none is likely to have anything like it again soon.

Karl Richter, R I P

Karl Richter never made the Top Twenty, appeared on Ed Sullivan, or filled Shea Stadium. What he did, for half a century, was deepen the world's appreciation of the music of Bach, playing, conducting, teaching, bringing to bear the sensibility of the Lutheran towns of Thuringia in which both he and Bach grew up.

To hear him direct even a simple motet, *Jesus, meine Freude*, for instance, was to experience twenty minutes of hope, exaltation, tears. Bach wrote the piece for the funeral of a postmaster's wife. Ironists may smile. Bach, who believed that the soul of a postmistress in glory outshone all the works of man, saw no irony in offering his mite, the greatest music ever written. So he composed and so Richter conducted. Karl Richter died of a heart attack in Munich, at the age of 84, joining, we trust, musicians, postmasters, and other Thuringians.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

NR is to be congratulated for abjuring unStrunkian possessives—Keynes' mistake, Marx' theory, Alice' Adventures—but one loose end is trailing: the *Times*' concern. Unless you are ready to write, "the *Times* are a liberal newspaper," you should write, "the *Times*'s concern."

Faithfully,
Richard de Mille
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Douglas K. Mayer writes (*NR*, Nov. 14) that at St. John's College he was "helped to begin, as Pericles said, 'to philosophize with thrift, and love the beautiful without softness.'" Actually, according to Thucydides, Pericles said of the Athenians, "Φιλοκαλοῦ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

μέν τε γὰρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας" (II, 40). A prosaic and literal translation would read, "For we love beauty with thrift and we love wisdom without softness." It is understandable that Mr. Mayer has interchanged love of beauty with love of wisdom, for we normally associate love of beauty with softness. So did Plato's Socrates. He also makes the further connection between beauty and wisdom. At *Republic* III, xvii, Socrates confronts a problem in educating the young. There are two extremes which ought not to be produced in the soul of the pupil: harshness and softness. The former fault is associated with the man who is not "musical"—that is, roughly speaking, with the man who does not recognize beauty in the arts and has been subjected to an excessively strained "gymnastic" training. The latter fault is associated with the man who is "musical" and subsequently wisdom-loving but has been treated with too great a laxness. Socrates in speech overcomes the difficulty by combining "musical" with "gymnastic" education. Thucydides, with some similarity, points in speech to the difference between Athenians and others (presumably the Spartans): the Athenians, without a complete and single-minded dedication to training for war (a kind of gymnastic) nonetheless take up arms with courage and success. They do not fear knowledge when going into battle. On the contrary, their superiority is in possessing an informed daring which most truly amounts to courage. The clear implication is that knowledge normally is expected to engender weakness.

The phrase, "we love beauty with thrift," has been made light of because of the money "'wantonly lavished'" (anon., in Plutarch's *Pericles*) by Pericles on the beautification of the Acropolis. However, εὐτελεία may carry here some of its root meaning, "with proper end" (εὐ + τέλος). For a discussion of this sentence and of this phrase in particular, see Hannah Arendt's splendid essay, "The Crisis in Culture . . ." in *Between Past and Future*, pp. 213-214.

I am in complete sympathy with Mr. Mayer's letter. It is sad but not at all surprising that St. John's College is so rarely mentioned even by ardent advocates of the "humanities," although the NATIONAL REVIEW is certainly more attentive than others as a rule. Still, I do not recall seeing a review of Eva Brann's *Paradoxes of Education in a Republic*, a book which demonstrates that at least one college gives serious and deeply thoughtful consideration to the tensions between ancient and modern education and how these tensions might be resolved with an eye to preparation for citizenship in our Republic.

Larry Goldberg
Chapel Hill, N.C.

■ To the editor
Playboy
Dear Sir:

Your attack on my attack on the Anti-Defamation League's misbegotten award to Hugh Hefner amuses me, and I receive it good-naturedly. But I am left owing your readers and Mr. Hefner an explanation or two:

1. I didn't imply that Hefner is a man of "essentially criminal mentality," crime being something the commission of which usually gets you behind bars, whereas the informal legal arrangements of our time concerning the publication of pornography leave Mr. Hefner on the safe side of the law, at least as currently interpreted.

2. I am astonished that you are astonished that a writer can at one and the same time write for a journal while disapproving the philosophy or habits of its editor. Your five million readers, of whom I am however irregularly one, should not be deprived of my perceptions (or Nabokov's, or Jimmy Carter's, or Reinhold Niebuhr's—or Cotton Mather's, for that matter). Even if the principal motive that brings these readers to the journal is lubricity. Count me in as one who is not put off by the presence of a Bible in a brothel.

3. You say that "the First Amendment protects not only Nazis but everyone else. Perhaps Buckley thinks it shouldn't, in which case he should say so directly." I don't think it should, and I *have* said so. Shall I say it again? I don't believe Nazis have the right under the Constitution to propagate or agitate in behalf of their racial doctrines. Neither did Justice Felix Frankfurter; see *Beauharnais*, which by the way is about an Illinois statute as widely disregarded as Illinois's obscenity statutes.

4. "The crux of the matter is that Buckley feels qualified to determine what God loves and what He doesn't." Not quite right. But Buckley does read in the Bible exhortations to modesty, fidelity, and abstinence which no literate person could confuse with the Playboy Philosophy. That we are all sinners is a part of the Bible-Buckley Philosophy.

5. Re "parted pudenda," you say "*Playboy* doesn't photograph women quite so graphically." Why?

Yours truly,
—WFB

The Old Crowd

The whispered words, "El Salvador,"
Bring muffled shrieks behind the door
As pale progressives in full cry
Deploy for one more college try.
There's Kennedy with finger raised
And Kunstler shouting, eyeballs glazed,
While, from the woodwork, pacifists,
Perfervid as they brandish fists,
Force from their wheezing diaphragms
The old refrain, "No more Vietnams!"

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How did America Exist Before 1942 Without Withholding Taxes?

Very Well, Thank You!

We had the world's strongest currency.

> . . . a mighty merchant fleet
> . . . magnificent railroads
> . . . two-thirds less crime . . . less unemployment (and much lower interest rates!)
> . . . and the world's most efficient and respected economy for producing low cost, well-made mass-produced goods.

Then the U.S. imposed a withholding "Victory" tax in 1942 to finance World War II.

That was 39 years ago. But this war-related tax still goes on. And today you and America are suffering the consequences.

Now it's your turn to help win another war — but this time it's against an illegally-levied income tax.

Begin by joining the thousands of other Americans who have read and listened to my Freedom Kit. It consists of 5 cassette tapes, a color-coded Tax Rebel's Guide to the U.S. Constitution, over 75 supporting documents and exhibits, and easy-to-follow instructions on how to use your constitutional rights to escape from this unconstitutionally-imposed tax.

FREEDOM BOOKS (Make check payable to Freedom Books)
P.O. Box 5303
Hamden, Connecticut 06518

Please rush me your Freedom Kit @ $45.00 each. I would also like to order your books THE BIGGEST CON and THE KINGDOM OF MOLTZ @ $10 per set.

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

IRWIN A. SCHIFF
The Untax Specialist

Author of:
THE BIGGEST CON:
How The Government Is Fleecing You
and THE KINGDOM OF MOLTZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Current WISDOM

Why Is This Man Blinking?

NEAL B. FREEMAN

COLIN CLARK, the resource economist, is a mischievous fellow. He is the type of man who delights in examining the accepted wisdom in a disinterested, zero-based way. He is the type of man who, when ushered into the presence of the grand scenario writer, nods quietly, reaches for pad and pen, jots down copious notes, and then stashes them in a tickler file dated twenty years hence. He is the type of man who, from the perspective of the New Class, is not a lot of fun.

In 1950, Clark has noted, our known oil reserves amounted to 75 billion barrels. Over the next two decades, our profligate society managed to consume 180 billion barrels, at the end of which period the official scorecard revealed known oil reserves of . . . 455 billion barrels. Nor was oil the only resource where the numbers seemed to move around on the page. World reserves of iron were recorded at 19,000 million metric tons in 1950. By 1970 we had taken 9,355 million metric tons out of the ground, leaving . . . what? In 1970, according to the accepted numbers, world reserves amounted to 251,000 million metric tons—an increase of more than 1,000 per cent. Then there is the case of bauxite, a critically important mineral to the energy-conscious industrial world. In 1950, world reserves were recorded at 1,400 million metric tons. Twenty years later, after production of 505 million metric tons, reserves had soared to 5,300 million metric tons. And so on. Clark adduces the numbers for manganese and copper and zinc and lead and phosphate and chromite. In each case, the official numbers, reflecting a static view of an essentially dynamic process, were undone by the industry, wit, and "good luck" of those willing to suspend their belief in the accepted wisdom.

The calculation of "known reserves," much like the survey of public opinion, is an analytical tool of very limited utility. Literal-minded statisticians are proficient at recording the economic process in freeze-frame. At any given moment, they can align the matrices of time and data in perfect registration. The bottom-line figures for production and known reserves are thus almost always correct, and where they are incorrect the discrepancies are within tolerable allowances. Those numbers can tell us where we have been and, at least asymptotically, where we are. Where they cease to be useful is when they are adapted as the base for free-form extrapolation. Just as political polls can never be used definitively as the basis for prediction, the accepted economic numbers should never be used as the sole basis for policy formulation.

IN THE good old days of the industrial era, the official numbers were scrupulously recorded and then ignored. Only the woolly-minded took them seriously. The executives and entrepreneurs who drove the economy had the good sense to understand that the most important elements of economic growth—imagination, risk, faith, and greed—were not and never could be quantifiable. Intuition sharpened by business experience told them that the problem was not the material shortages of nature but the dull complacency of the human spirit. If they had paused to think of it, which surely none of them did, they would have found the notion laughable: let's see, if we have reserves of x barrels of oil and we use y barrels per year, that means that, allowing for terminal capillary action, the last drop will fall from the tip of the pipeline in z years.

With the coming of the New Class, however, *numbers* assumed a new gravity in public discourse. As the public-policy crowd proliferated through both the governmental and private sectors, the people who actually generated economic growth were heard from less and less frequently. They were content to be "represented" by academics, by journalists, and by public-affairs professionals. The public discussion came to be conducted exclusively by those who knew about risk and growth and the essence of entrepreneurial activity only second-hand—by hearsay, by the numbers. These representatives could scoff at the numbers, or footnote them, or advance finely wrought theories as to why their implications should be reinterpreted. But they were stuck with the numbers, and the numbers provided a fundamentally false picture of economic reality. It was a picture dominated by what we were told was the central fact of contemporary geo-economics: finite resources.

In admirable democratic fashion, our political leaders have listened to the wisdom of the people and they have responded. In a world of scarcity, the democratic politician's role is clearly defined, unmistakable. His duty is to redistribute the finite resources so that every citizen receives a fair shake. For a generation and more our political leadership has applied itself industriously to this task. Artfully weaving fiscal and monetary policies, taxing and spending, our leaders have systematically transferred wealth from savers to debtors, from producers to consumers, from entrepreneurs to employees, from private workers to civil servants, from young to old, from risk-takers to risk-avoiders, from individuals to collectives, from married to single, from landlords to tenants. It has been a policy designed to transform the very shape of our society and it has largely succeeded.

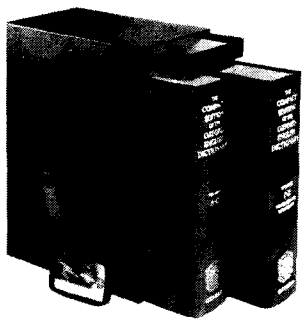
This redistributionist mania of the past generation has thus self-fulfilled the prophecy. In an environment of high inflation and confiscatory taxation —surprise!—resources have tended to be finite. Bad news begets bad news. Ah, but, you say, all of this will be washed away in the revolutionary tides of Reaganism. Here at last we have leadership that understands the nature of the problem and has resolved to fly the American way.

Possible. Perhaps. We hope so. The proposed spending cuts provide symbolic encouragement. But we notice that the tax cut was postponed until July. And that it was cut to 5 per cent for 1981. And that the differential between earned and unearned income has been left untouched. And that the top rate on earned income has been left at 50 per cent. And that capital-gains rates are still pegged to income-tax rates. And that each time the new Administration has come eyeball to eyeball with the accepted numbers, it has blinked. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose one of these five sets and save up to $216.15

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.®



The Compact Edition of
The Oxford English Dictionary

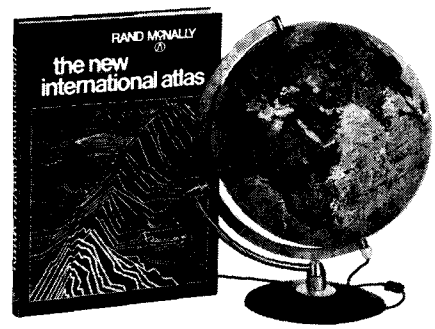
The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume Compact Edition. Magnifying glass included.

$125.00	Publisher's price
$ 19.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$105.05	Your savings

The Complete
Beethoven Nine Symphonies

Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in this nine-record set, hailed by the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle* as "one of the two or three great recording ventures of the century," and by *Time* as "a glorious musical combustion."

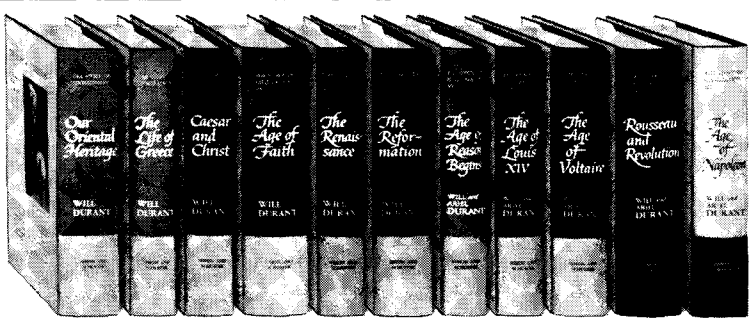
$71.82	List price
$10.00	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$61.82	Your savings



The New International Rand McNally Atlas
and the Hammond Geo-Scan Globe

This new, enlarged (11⅝" x 15½") atlas features 323 pages of distinctive, full-color maps and charts and a 160,000-place index. The Hammond Geo-Scan Globe is 16" high, 12¼" in diameter. Interior light illuminates world's political boundaries.

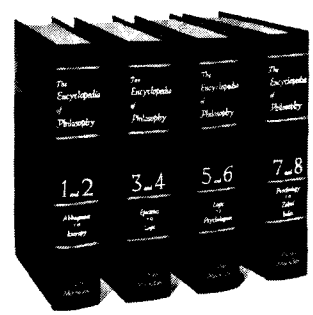
$130.00	Total price for both
$ 27.50	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$102.50	Your savings



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

For more than a generation, Will and Ariel Durant have been tracing the continuity of our history—economic and political organization, science and art, religions, philosophies, customs and manners—to show the foundations of society today. Now complete, the Durants' 11-volume masterwork is history come alive. The enormous work covers ancient and modern civilization, including Oriental as well as Western history. With clarity and authority the Durants illuminate "the steps by which man passed from barbarism to civilization." This set is a magnificent centerpiece for any home library, and one of the most useful sources of knowledge that the modern reader can possess.

$241.10	Publisher's prices total
$ 24.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$216.15	Your savings



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this set traces ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. An essential and rewarding reference source for home libraries.

$150.00*	Publisher's price
$ 19.95	Book-of-the-Month Club price
$130.05	Your savings

*While the publisher's price has recently risen from $125 to $150, our special price remains the same.

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

Facts About Membership. You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *Main Selection* plus scores of Alternates. If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, by either you or the Club, at any time after you have purchased 4 additional books.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 A123-3-1

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the work I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

CHECK ONE BOX ONLY

- ☐ 904. Beethoven Symphonies **$10**
- ☐ 912. Compact OED **$19.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$24.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **$19.95**
- ☐ 926. McNally/ Hammond Set **$27.50**

Mr.
Mrs. _____ I-61
Miss
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Alignments

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE POLITICAL and ideological alignments of the Atlantic Alliance, never far from the concerns of this column, are once again to the fore. There was a time—a simple, distant time—when it was enough for the framers and drafters of the North Atlantic Treaty to declare the common determination of the signatories "to safeguard the freedom, common heritage, and civilization of their peoples, founded on the principles of democracy, individual liberty, and the rule of law."

This rather rare ideological commitment was understood, or thought to be understood, by everybody. It had the additional merit of vagueness: the formula, stretched a bit, allowed the admission into the Alliance of the repressive Salazar dictatorship in Portugal, but excluded the (by then) far more liberal Franco dictatorship in Spain.

The point, however, is that in 1949-plus, we all felt reasonably safe in our democratic assumptions, although the sheer physical and military menace of Stalin's empire was fearsome enough to require a military alliance of the West. Now, we are far less secure. Democracies are seen to be vulnerable and penetrable.

Out of the Trough

Examples abound, and here are one or two. Americans are just emerging from a trough of detente-ism in which the normal defenses of the state were cast away or allowed to erode at an alarming rate. The same happened on a smaller scale and to a lesser degree in the United Kingdom, but here (I am writing in London) the splits and contortions within the Labor Party show the alarming extent of political penetration that has been achieved by the totalitarian Left.

In the German Federal Republic, much the same has happened inside the ruling Social Democratic Party (SPD), with the comforting difference that the German trade unions (tailor-made by the late great Ernest Bevin) are far sounder than the British counterpart.

France, you might say, is permanently penetrated in that the disciplined Communist Party regularly attracts 20 per cent of the vote in major elections. I shall leave Italy out of this description, as the subject depresses me.

So where does this leave the major members of the Alliance? The line-up is something like this:

► U.S.A.: basically sound again, in good heart, determined to come back, but with a long way to go; and in an economic mess.

► Britain: an outspoken Prime Minister who understands the Soviet threat, but with some ministers content to chug along the old grooves; also in an economic mess.

► Germany: less affected economically by world recession, but less healthy than many people suppose; a basically sound Chancellor, whose hands are increasingly tied by the appeasement-minded or ideologically penetrated Left.

► France: in less of a mess economically than the grouses of ordinary Frenchmen would lead one to suppose; led by a man whose actions are often sounder than his words, but who is by no means certain of being re-elected in the forthcoming election.

The big thing, of course, is the advent of the Reagan government, if only because it makes it that much easier for leaders whose heart is in the right place (especially Thatcher) to take the right decisions on the logic of "follow-our-leader." But let us face it, the overall picture gives far from undiluted ideological pleasure.

Nobody knows whether the Thatcher remedies will work, or work soon enough, for her to stay in power and be re-elected, although personally I believe she will stay on for some years. But it would be foolish to ignore other possibilities, including the frightening one of a left-wing government led by a signed-up champion of unilateral nuclear disarmament, who wants the Yanks to go home and not inflict their beastly new weapons on us.

The recent German elections went the wrong way, although not as far in the wrong direction as they might have done. The existing Social Democrat-Liberal coalition looks encouragingly precarious. The Socialists are agitating for a solution which many view with the utmost dismay: a grand coalition, bringing in the Christian Democratic Union and leaving the Christian Social Union out in the cold (thus splitting the CDU-CSU alliance and relegating the great Franz-Josef Strauss to the outer cold after his defeat as candidate for chancellor). A more attractive idea (from the standpoint of international security) is now being talked about in Bonn: for a switch of the Liberals (FDP) from partnership with the Social Democrats to one with the CDU-CSU, with Foreign Minister Genscher as chancellor. This desirable outcome, from the standpoint of the Alliance, is unlikely to happen tomorrow or the day after. But it *is* being talked about.

Failure of Nerve

What of France? I have sometimes been critical of Giscard d'Estaing, but he must be given credit for moving fast to defend not only French but Western interests on several occasions in Africa, while he makes cooing noises to Brezhnev. His problem is that his nerve failed him over Chad, which has fallen into the mad Qaddafi's lap. And there are other problems. He has alienated certain minority voting groups, such as the "integrationist" Catholics (over abortion) and the Jews (over Palestine and the PLO).

Last time round, in 1974, his majority over his Socialist rival, François Mitterrand, was frighteningly narrow: a mere 1.4 per cent. And he has been in power seven years—a long time in politics, not least in volatile France.

Then there are the smears. Did he really accept diamonds from the sanguinary Bokassa of the Central African Republic (before, rather neatly, deposing him)? I doubt it, but if this is what the voters think, it is going to count.

Alas, the gaullists are split several ways, with three rival candidates for the presidency: Michel Debré (guardian of Gaullist purity), Jacques Chirac (leader of the main Gaullist party), and the elegant Marie-France Garaud. All this suggests that the decisive second round of the elections could mean a further Giscard-Mitterrand clash, with results as unpredictable as last time and the stakes as high as ever. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World's First and Only Solar-Powered Watch*

Guaranteed to outperform any watch sold today... or costs you nothing!

The Sunwatch; acclaimed as the most accurate, most versatile, most rugged watch ever made.

These features make all other watches obsolete:

Space age accuracy
Now you'll never worry about accuracy again. Because the Sunwatch will keep you on time for the rest of your life. (Accurate to within 1 sec. per month.)

Solar age efficiency
Miniature solar cells automatically convert sunlight, daylight or ordinary bulb light into usable energy for storage. The solar cells last virtually forever. So you'll never replace a watch battery again.

Programmed for ever a century
The built-in computer on a chip will always display the correct time date and month. Also, it automatically adjusts the watch calendar for long and short months, leap years and it's programmed until the year 2100!

Easy to read
The natural side-view display lets you tell the time, day and date without twisting your arm into an uncomfortable position.

Numbers always visible
Four varying light intensities are built into the viewing display, allowing the Sunwatch to adjust automatically to any light. This means you can always read it, even in the brightest sunlight.

10 Display functions
The Sunwatch is capable of displaying the following information: hours • minutes • seconds • months • date • day • leap year • speed calibration • AM/PM indicator • seconds count-off.

Extreme accuracy
Unlike other electronic watches using tuned crystals to control timing accuracy, the Sunwatch incorporates a unique, programmable, microcircuit synthesizer to make it the first watch in history that is accurate to less than 1 second per month. That's 5 times more accurate than the latest quartz Accutron.

The Power Source
Tiny silicon power cells, which are constantly being energized by natural sunlight, daylight or an ordinary light bulb keep the Sunwatch energy storage system charged. Should the watch not be exposed to light, it will continue to operate for months on stored power.

The most indestructible watch in the world
The workings of the watch: solar panels, energy cells, quartz crystal, computer on a chip, etc., are all permanently sealed in a Lexan module. This module is so unique it's protected by U.S. and foreign patents.

Completely waterproof
Leave the Sunwatch in salt water for months. Dive with it in depths up to 750 feet. There are no openings — magnetic slide bars activate all functions. With Sunwatch's exclusive, permanently sealed Lexan module, there are no "O" rings or seals to leak.

Shock resistant
You can crash it into a rug-surfaced brick wall at 90 mph with no noticeable effect. Wear it while doing heavy work, exercise or any strenuous activity.

Temperature resistant
Put the Sunwatch in boiling water for 30 minutes, freeze it in a block of ice for a year. Extreme temperatures will not damage your Sunwatch.

Pressure resistant
There are no air spaces inside the Sunwatch. Therefore, it is not susceptible to high pressures such as might be encountered diving to great depths.

The perfect watch for a lifetime
Imagine split-second accuracy for the rest of your life. Sunwatch is a virtually indestructible, beautifully styled, space-age timepiece, and it's available in three exciting finishes: Brushed stainless steel, Gold tone stainless steel, or a Durable black finish on stainless steel. All Sunwatches come with a matching stainless steel band with removable links and adjustable clasp.

Made in the United States
The Sunwatch, designed by Roger Riehl, was being worn by its inventor nearly a year before the first electronic digital watch was even available to the general public. Since that time constant engineering evaluations and design improvements have been made on the Sunwatch to incorporate the latest in digital microcircuit and solar power technology. Thus the Sunwatch today represents state-of-the-art electronics technology. It is built to the same rigid standards practiced by the manufacturer in creating sophisticated computer microcircuits for the U. S. Government and other major users of these components.

*** A word about other "Solar Watches"**
Roger Riehl, designer of the Sunwatch, states that there is no other completely solar powered watch on the market today. Claims of solar power by other watch manufacturers are based on the use of a small solar cell. Due to their limited size, these cells can be proven, in technical terms, to be of virtually no significant value in extending the life of a watch battery. For this reason, all other so-called "solar watches" must have replaceable batteries. The Sunwatch's power storage system, however, need never be changed and is, in fact, permanently sealed to withstand abuse and the elements.

Unique and memorable gift
Available in a special gift box (see order form) the Sunwatch makes an ideal gift for special holidays, birthdays, graduation, Father's Day, etc. Perfect for business people, commuters, teachers, athletes and sportsmen, who require split second accuracy

Free custom engraving
At your request, each Sunwatch will be hand-engraved with the name you specify.

Limited Warranty is your protection
The Sunwatch is covered by a 2 year limited warranty issued by Riehl Time Corporation (manufacturers of the prestigious Synchronar 2100) and included with your watch. A copy of the warranty may also be obtained free of charge by writing to Riehl Time Corp., 53 S. Jefferson Rd., Whippany, NJ 07981. This warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may have other rights which vary from state to state.

15 Day no risk trial offer
Order your Sunwatch today and use it for 15 days. Then, if you are not completely satisfied return if for full money back.

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE 800-228-2626
Neb. Residents Call 800-642-8777
OR MAIL THIS NO RISK COUPON

RIEHL TIME CORP.
53 S. Jefferson Rd., Dept 205 Whippany, NJ 07981.

Please send me:

_____ Brushed Stainless Steel Sunwatches at $129.95 each

_____ Black Finish on Stainless Steel Sunwatches at $159.95 each.

_____ Gold Tone Stainless Steel Case Sunwatches at $159.95 each.

_____ 24 Hour (Military Time) $10.00 Additional.

_____ Gift Boxes at $4.95 each.

Please add $3.95 per watch shipping and insurance.

Enclosed is $ _____ Check or Money Order

(N.J. Residents add appropriate sales tax)

CHARGE IT: (Check One)

☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA (BankAmericard)

Credit Card# _____ Bank# _____

Issue Date _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name to be engraved _____

Name _____

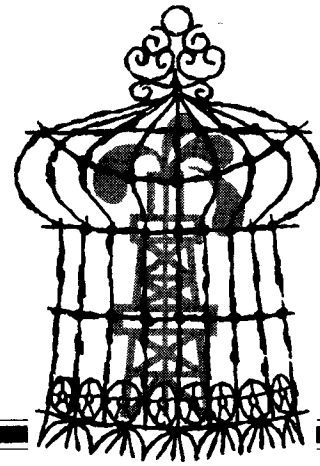
Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PETER LUBIN

Taming the Saudis



All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this . . .

WHEN THE CARTER Administration was finally put out of its misery last November, there was gloom among the Al Saud, the family that owns and rules Saudi Arabia. The Saudis had enjoyed four uninterrupted years of bullying and bamboozling the American government. The lead role (in a star-studded cast) was played by Jimmy Carter, who gushed with gratitude whenever the Saudis, for cold financial reasons, temporarily raised oil production. A supporting role was played by National Security Advisor Brzezinski, who confided to the *New York Times* last March that we had no reason either to "fear or deplore" an "Islamic renaissance," and who envisioned a natural partnership with Islam to protect the Gulf. (No wonder a journalist in Riyadh described Brzezinski as "a man after Crown Prince Fahd's own heart.") There was Secretary of the Treasury Miller, who winged his way to Saudi Arabia in November 1979 hoping, as he put it, to convince "our friends" in the Gulf that there was no reason to raise prices further after the gigantic boost of the previous June ("It's unrealistic not to expect some upward adjustment in prices," said a chastened Mr. Miller on the plane home). There was Secretary of Energy Duncan, whose Saudi pilgrimage took place in late February 1980, to beg for royal assent to our Strategic Petroleum Reserve (permission denied). And on location in Riyadh there was Ambassador John C. West. Mr. West began his service by obtaining a job for a close friend, Crawford Cook, in the Saudi lobbying machine, and ended his tour with a valedictory that admonished, not the Saudis, but his own government for failing to satisfy every Saudi demand.

All this abasement before the Saudis has taken place in an atmosphere of myth, cliché, and received ideas in which Saudi Arabia is repeatedly described as "moderate," "pro-Western," and "friendly." No evidence is ever adduced for these epithets, but they stick nonetheless. On a recent CBS program on Saudi Arabia, for example, Ambassador West described U.S.-Saudi relations as "good faith, good friendship, and what I call that special relationship." An unsuspecting listener might assume that West had evidence for this. Unfortunately, that listener would be wrong.

The OPEC quasi-cartel operates to mulct the West of tens of billions more each year than would be received were there no limit on, and manipulation of, supply by its members. And the key villain is Saudi Arabia, because that country, not Libya, not Nigeria, not Venezuela, is keeping many millions of barrels off the world market. It is foolish to applaud the Saudis for producing "close to capacity" when they have deliberately and severely restricted that capacity themselves. The Saudis have broken every agreement on oil they have entered into since the Teheran Agreement of 1971. As energy economist Morris Adelman puts it: "There were repeated unilateral revisions, and it [the Teheran Agreement] was finally discarded in September 1973 . . . Sheik Yamani pronounced a classic epitaph: 'We in Saudi Arabia would have liked to honor and abide by the Teheran agreements, but . . .'" Under cover of the "oil embargo" in 1973-74 came the fourfold rise in price. In 1974 the Saudis kept promising to lower prices, and "they repeatedly raised prices. Twice Mr. Kissinger flew into Riyadh and announced that he and his friend the King agreed, prices should be lowered. Each time prices were raised" (Adelman).

In 1974 the United States undertook to guarantee Saudi security, and the Saudis agreed to produce at current capacity, a promise never kept. In late 1978 the Saudis extracted a further American pledge—not to fill the Strategic Petroleum Reserve. In turn the Saudis would keep production up close to 10.5 million barrels a day. So they did—for seven weeks. On January 20, 1979, as Iranian production collapsed, the Saudis slashed their output by a full two million barrels. In the ensuing panic buying and spot-market runup, prices rose more in five weeks than they had in the previous five months. Having accomplished their aim, the Saudis raised production by one million barrels. Again Adelman:

> The net result of Saudi maneuvers, concerted with their neighbors between October 1978 and mid-1980, [was] to increase the price of oil from $12 to $30 [now $32 and up]. At any moment they could have put the price down to any desired level by raising output to capacity, announcing they would maintain that output and even increase it by gradually investing to raise capacity.

The Saudis are the major obstacle to an American presence in the Gulf. They expect us to defend them, but only

Mr. Lubin writes frequently on foreign policy. His work has appeared in the Washington Post, *the* New York Times, The New Republic, *and* Policy Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on their terms, with the means *they* choose, no matter how difficult or dangerous that makes our task. The Saudis are terrified of any resolute display of American power near them; thus they sponsored a resolution at Islamabad in May condemning the American hostage rescue attempt. By hiring Pakistani mercenaries, by buying German tanks and French planes, they hope to build an armory that will make them independent and able to keep the Americans from establishing a presence nearby. They do not seem nearly as concerned about the Soviet over-flights they permit to Aden and Ethiopia, and they have allowed Soviet-built tanks to be unloaded at Saudi ports for transshipment to Iraq.

While the Saudis have backed Iraq's invasion, though Iraq is linked to the Soviets, the Saudis are not benevolently inclined toward smaller neighbors. Saudi Arabia is the leading local bully and troublemaker, detested and feared by Oman and the sheikhdoms. The Saudis backed the Marxist-supported Dhofar rebellion. They have pressed territorial claims on both Abu Dhabi and Oman. They have meddled with American arms shipments to North Yemen, which led the Yemenis to look to the Soviet bloc for arms.

Saudi 'Moderation'

On Israel the Saudis are as implacable as Syria or Iraq. Twice in recent months they have called for *jihad*, a word that, despite the attempt of our State Department to give it a soothing gloss, means exactly what it says: warfare by all means, including military force. The flavor of Saudi "moderation" can be gauged from their description of Jerusalem as "purely a genuine Arab and Islamic city. Thus it has been for thousands of years, and thus it should remain forever." Loyalty to a fellow Moslem (who massacred his Christian subjects) has led the Saudis to give refuge to Idi Amin. The Saudis subsidize the most notorious of terrorists; the Arab who recently killed 15 and wounded 85 by bombing a hotel in Kenya escaped, his deed accomplished, to Saudi Arabia.

All this activity, however, is muffled in a vast Saudi disinformation and propaganda effort, aided by Westerners with financial ties to the Saudis. There are two themes. The first is, "we are doing you a favor" by "producing more oil than we [need, want]" so "don't jeopardize this 'special' relationship." Note Yamani's recent interviews: "Don't take the Saudis for granted" (*Wall Street Journal*); "We've gotten no sign of appreciation for everything we've done" (*New York Times*); "We are America's number one friend" (*Time*). By dint of constant repetition, journalists and politicians come to believe this nonsense.

But the evidence shows otherwise. The Saudis are not doing us any favors. Saudi pricing in OPEC, like the pricing of its fellows, is based on their calculation of their "perfect" (optimal monopoly) price. That price will tend to maximize their total revenues over time. Each OPEC member determines its "perfect" price at any moment by taking into account the size of its reserves, its current surplus or deficit, the value of its foreign currency holdings and investments, and the likely production response of its fellows in OPEC. Absent Western pressure, that is all OPEC need worry about. Of particular concern to the Saudis is demand elasticity for oil. As the producer with the largest reserves (whose value they wish to protect), the Saudis must worry about too precipitous a rise in price, and thus too precipitous a drop in demand. These considerations, not some phony melodrama starring "hawks" and "moderates," are what OPEC price differentials are all about.

Nor are the Saudis "producing more than they need." Detailed studies of Saudi revenues and expenditures show that they *always* manage not only to squander the surplus funds that may initially be accumulated, but end up needing more. There is every reason to believe that the phenomenal waste, corruption, and extravagance of recent years will continue. Nor have the Saudis ever chosen to lessen current revenues. They may have to, however, when Iran and Iraq resume prewar production levels. Otherwise, there is a possibility of price-cutting and the destruction of OPEC. The Saudis, having previously threatened to cut as many as seven million barrels a day, will at that point cut a few million at most, and expect to be applauded.

Yamani's claim that by slashing production Saudi Arabia could receive as much current revenue as at a higher level of production is demonstrably false, yet none of the journalists he tells this to has bothered to point it out. Demand elasticity is high, and growing. Professor Robert Pindyck of MIT has noted that every 5 per cent rise in oil prices results in a drop in *demand* of between 1 per cent and 1.8 per cent. Another way of understanding this is that for every OPEC cut in *supply* of between 1 per cent and 1.8 per cent in the total amount of oil available in the non-Communist world's market, OPEC can impose a price rise of 5 per cent and still "clear the market" (have demand equal supply) so as to avoid problems of glut and price-cutting.

Suppose the Saudis were to cut production by four million barrels. That represents about 7.5 per cent of non-Communist world production (assuming Iran and Iraq are exporting at prewar levels; otherwise four million barrels represent about 8 per cent). Using the lower figure for demand elasticity would permit the Saudis a price rise on the six million barrels they did produce of about 38 per cent. Using the higher figure, the rise is less than 25 per cent. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either case, the Saudis stand to lose tens of billions of dollars annually. And the expensive infrastructure for natural gas collection requires a minimum oil production of eight and one-half million barrels. The Saudi subsidy to the PLO, aid to Syria and Jordan, and other pan-Arab aid amounts at most to a few billion. That offers a measure of the financial sacrifice they are willing to make on behalf of fellow Arabs. Why should we believe that the Saudis would suddenly—for "political" reasons—risk the loss of many times that amount?

Such threats tell us a lot about the Saudis. A friend would never say: "Saudi Arabia alone . . . is in a position to inflict very severe damage on the world economy as a whole or a selected group of nations . . . Definitely, I'm not threatening. You threaten when you need to. Among friends, I don't think we are threatening."

Yamani's bluster is as hollow as his *bonhomie*. For as a number of economists and other commentators have noted, there is no "oil weapon." A study "demystifying" the oil weapon was made by Douglas Feith in *Policy Review* (Winter 1981). Being fungible, oil cannot be selectively denied to one country or group of countries. The only way to "punish" is to cut production massively, and that would harm any producer far more than any potential victim among the importing nations. It might also have unforeseen political consequences. If there are sound economic reasons for raising the price of oil, or cutting production, such a price rise, or such a cut, will take place in any case. If such a price rise or production cut is made to "punish" (i.e., employed as a "weapon") then by definition it would go against, rather than promote, the economic interest of the producer instituting it. Otherwise it would have been made for that economic reason. Unlike Khomeini, the Saudis have not shown a taste for self-inflicted wounds.

Our Goal: Saudi Cooperation

Our policy should be to obtain, not the chimera of Saudi "goodwill," but Saudi cooperation, however unwilling that cooperation will be, on bases, on oil, and on other matters. Policy should be rooted in understanding that: 1) Wahhabi Islam regards the Christian West with hostility, but that need not concern us overmuch; 2) there is no "oil weapon"; 3) the Saudis are not "doing us favors"; 4) politically, econonomically, and socially Saudi Arabia remains a primitive tribal kingdom, advanced only in the bankbook sense; 5) the Soviet Union has strengthened its grip on the Saudi perimeter; 6) Saudi Arabia may have to be "saved in spite of itself," and while *we* understand the Saudis are incapable of protecting themselves, their vulnerability must be brought home to *them*; 7) the Saudis must be disabused of their inflated notion of their own significance vis-à-vis America and the West; 8) taming the Saudis will demand both intelligence and imagination, but the risks from further appeasement are too great not to make the attempt.

A drastic change in our policy toward Saudi Arabia is essential, beginning with a change in attitude. Diplomatic personnel posted to Riyadh should be chosen so that those with a chronic case of *furor arabicus* (a peculiar nervous disease first diagnosed by J. B. Kelly in *Arabia, the Gulf, and the West*), are carefully selected out. Cabinet members should no longer rush to Riyadh, seeking the royal indulgence. No more dancing attendance upon Yamani on his various tours. Instead of misplaced gratitude, Washington can by appropriate comments demonstrate a real "appreciation" of all the Saudis have been doing in OPEC.

We should proceed with plans for whatever bases we deem necessary—in the Sinai, in Oman, and elsewhere—explaining to Riyadh that we have no intention of courting disaster simply because the Saudis may be displeased. There is a basic conflict here that cannot be blinked. The Saudis fear such bases nearby because they would have an intimidation value (which, of course, is a further point in their favor).

Washington has been worrying aloud about the stability of Saudi Arabia ever since the collapse of the Shah. The Saudis, in turn, have been quick to react with a propaganda barrage: Saudi Arabia is very different from Iran; the Saudi royal family is revered by all its subjects; its devotion to Islam is profound; and so on. Both American worry over, and Saudi insistence upon, the "stability" of Riyadh are beside the point. Saudi stability is not intrinsically desirable to anyone but the Saudis. Continued rule by the Al Saud, or the continued existence of Saudi Arabia in its present borders, may or may not best serve the interests of the oil-consuming world. If firm Saudi rule promotes Western access to Persian Gulf oil at reasonable prices, then let it be encouraged. But it may be that a severe shock to Saudi complacency, or even a sustained effort to keep the Saudis off balance, would serve Western interests better.

The smug belief of the Saudis that no matter how they behave we will be there to protect them is revealed in a statement Yamani made to an interviewer from *Time*: "You are not protecting us. When you send your airplanes, you are defending your own interests." The Saudis have not yet understood the significance of General Petrovsky in Ethiopia, Cubans and East Germans in South Yemen, Soviet treaty links and base rights in Syria and Iraq, PLO training in Baku, Tashkent, and Simferopol. It is long past time to heighten their sense of unease. Further, we should make the distinction between protection of oilfields in the physical sense and protection of a regime or a country. Since the Iranians are now in no position to harm the Saudi oilfields, one simple and elegant way to demonstrate our studied insouciance as well as make clear *our* displeasure with Saudi behavior would be to recall our Airborne Warning and Control Systems, on the grounds that we need them for our own use (we possess only twenty in all).

As for the Saudi demand for additional equipment for the F-15s that Mr. Carter granted them, that demand should either be rejected out of hand or put under indefinite "review" until such time as Saudi behavior has drastically changed. At the time of the original plane sale, both the Saudis and the Carter Administration offered assurances that the equipment now sought (bomb racks, Sidewinder missiles, fuel tanks) would not even be asked for, much less granted. But the Saudis are convinced that in their case such commitments are meaningless. So great is their contempt for us that they no longer bother to conceal it. Prince Faisal stated on *Meet the Press* that no Iraqi planes are being sheltered in Saudi Arabia; Ambassador Alhegeland recently denied that Soviet-built weapons have been unloaded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Iraq in Saudi ports. Both men knew that Western intelligence sources have confirmed these activities; neither thought it worth his while even to obfuscate.

The equipment demanded cannot be used by the Saudis effectively against the Soviet Union. If used at all, it will be used against its lesser neighbors (Oman, the littoral sheikhdoms), against Israel, or possibly against Western forces should they move decisively into the region. As far as the Israelis go, even if they decide (for reasons of their own) not publicly to oppose the sale, that is no reason for it to go through. Such weaponry makes much likelier a Saudi role in another Arab-Israeli round, and in that case virtually guarantees an Israeli pre-emptive strike. Such a capitulation would dishearten the Omanis, who hate and fear the Saudis and have been ready to serve the West but may now be intimidated by a display of Saudi power.

But the main reason for denying the Saudis the equipment is that they regard the sale as "an important test case in relations between the two countries." Exactly. After two years of uninterrupted and astronomical price hikes, after the resolution condemning our rescue mission, after the efforts to deny us bases, after the open calls for *jihad* and support for terrorism, after backing the Iraqi invasion of Iran, after meddling with *our* arms supplies to North Yemen and facilitating Soviet bloc supplies to Iraq, after the attempt to throttle our Strategic Petroleum Reserve, after all this the Saudis want to test whether America will jump once again through the Saudi hoop. If we do so, we will signal that nothing has changed, and that we continue to adhere to the "doctrine of common interest" so lucidly analyzed by J. B. Kelly:

> All that the constant reiteration of the doctrine of common interest achieves is to convince the Middle Eastern oil-producing states that the West needs them as much as (or even more than) they need the West, thereby confirming them in their *hauteur* and their illusions of power.

Rejecting the Saudi demand would be the first step in forging a coherent strategy for protecting the West's interests. The immediate response will be Saudi bluster and bluff, of the kind Crown Prince Fahd offered in the newspaper *Al Hawadith*: "We are not compelled to be friends of the Americans. There are many doors wide open to us, be it on the military, technological or economic level. . . . We can easily replace the Americans."

Who Needs the Gulf?

But Pakistani mercenaries, German tanks, and Tornado fighters will not really fill the bill. Weapons suppliers are not as easily interchangeable as Fahd pretends to believe. The American equipment already acquired by the Saudis would be greatly diminished in usefulness without easy access to American spare parts, American technical help, American training. And only the United States offers Saudi pilots extensive training on simulators.

Should they proceed, nonetheless, not to yield on policy but attempt to replace us with European arms suppliers, we have the means to obtain European cooperation. In the end the United States could do without oil from the Gulf; Western Europe and Japan cannot. It is to our allies' advantage that the Saudis be brought to heel, even if they choose not to admit it publicly. They may distance themselves from our effort (out of fear) but should not interfere with it. We have a right to ask from those for whom we are protecting the Gulf that they not persist in currying Saudi favor at our expense. The American people may grow weary of safeguarding oil to keep German or French or Japanese industry humming, if those same Germans or French or Japanese make that job more difficult.

The Saudis will also attempt a rhetorical rally of the Third World. But the speciousness of that concept can be exposed. A farmer in Senegal or Brazil has more to gain from our efforts to protect access to, and hold down prices of, Saudi (and OPEC) oil through political pressure even than the Europeans.

The Arab oil states, not least the Saudis, also employ the Arab-Israeli dispute as the perfect diversionary tactic. How dare the West raise the little matter of oil pricing and production (here the face of Faisal or Fahd assumes an aggrieved air, and eyes are raised heavenward) when the "Palestinian problem" has not been solved to Arab satisfaction? But as J. B. Kelly has noted, even if we posit the total disappearance of Israel, our problem with the oil states would be exactly the same.

The past two years have given us a good dose of what the Muslim Middle East, unadorned, is all about. The Saudi regime's legitimacy comes from force and the threat of force. Not surprisingly, it responds only to pressure, not to blandishments.

As long as the Saudis believe that our only reaction to their behavior will be "economic" (i.e., to conserve oil, and to look for non-OPEC sources), they will behave without any constraints. In the long run, a decade or more away, our problem with OPEC may well be solved. In the short run, we must protect the major oilfields and apply pressure to hold down prices and hold up production. That is why any energy policy must include a strategy for taming the Saudis. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE MILE ISLAND

Despite the best efforts of the anti-nuclear lobby, the prospects for nuclear power are beginning to look up. The basic conditions that originally made it attractive still hold, some of them in spades

Two Years Later, Most Systems Go!

SAMUEL McCRACKEN

WORKING on a review of Jane Fonda's *The China Syndrome* literally on the day of the accident at Three Mile Island, your correspondent was moved to make two contingent predictions. The first was that, in the real world, an accident approximating the first one shown in the film, far from being covered up by a media-industry cabal would be publicized to the skies. The second was that a serious nuclear power accident would lead to widespread and probably successful calls to shut down nuclear power.

The accident at Three Mile Island (TMI) abundantly and obviously proved me right on the first prophecy. On the second, it is still no decision: we have not yet had a serious reactor accident, for no one has ever been killed by a civilian power reactor. But there were, after TMI, official estimates from the Secretary of HEW, as it then was, that there might be, over the long haul, one or two deaths as a result of the accident. And yet nuclear energy continues to command the support of a majority of the American people; and, although there have been calls for the abolition of nuclear energy as a result of TMI, they came on the whole from those who had been calling for its abolition before the accident.

If anything, the supporters of nuclear energy have been over the long run encouraged by the accident. The most obvious good news—which should have been apparent even to the opponents—is that the Emergency Core Cooling System (ECCS) functioned exceedingly well, even in the face of human error, and carried out its assigned task of preventing a meltdown. Although it is common to hear that we came within a hair's breadth of a meltdown, the fact is that the core never got nearer than 1000°F. of meltdown temperature. Even more encouraging, the core did what few pro- or anti-nuclear advocates would have predicted. It sustained not just minutes but hours with its top uncovered by water.

But, needless to say, there have been attempts to make capital of the accident nevertheless. Two years later, we are still being told that "they" lied to us by saying that such an accident simply could not happen, and that its having happened proved that "they" were liars. The short answer to this is that "they" told us repeatedly that such an accident could happen and probably would. This is why they provided a detailed defense-in-depth against a serious release of radiation from nuclear power stations. It is a matter of public record that most of the elements of this defense were not even called upon to function at Three Mile Island.

Moreover, the records of the industry—its trade journals, the minutes of its conferences, its technical manuals—are full of discussions of possible loss-of-coolant accidents and how to deal with them. The much-maligned Rasmussen Report is a study precisely of the probability of such accidents—that is to say, of their possibility, for what is probable is possible. It was from such evidence, a year and a half before Three Mile Island, that I was able to write an article assessing the relative risks of a reactor accident, a discussion not in the least invalidated by the occurrence and successful containment of such an accident. Neither I nor anyone else informed about nuclear energy, whether in or out of the industry, said that an accident like TMI could not happen. What we all said was that if such an accident happened, the odds were overwhelmingly against injury to the public.

This was not, of course, the picture one got from the media, which remained fascinated by the celebrated hydrogen bubble long after the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) admitted that it had never posed any threat. This admission will doubtless come as a surprise to readers of this essay, for reasons that will shortly be clear. But it is a fact that the famous bubble presented no threat because it never contained enough oxygen to burn, let alone explode, the hydrogen contained. The impression to the contrary resulted from a calculation error by NRC staff, an error admitted by the NRC in testimony before Congress.

A more subtle and outwardly more respectable campaign has been waged by Dr. John Gofman, the only vehement anti-nuclear "authority" who actually bears serious credentials in the field. Gofman, sometime deputy director of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, has at least twice published a fantasy which starts with the totally unsupported assumption that the average radiation exposure at Three Mile Island was many times that estimated by the authorities on the scene. He then multiplies this inflated figure by his own unsupported and eccentrically high estimate of the health effects of a given exposure. The results from these inflated assumptions predict hundreds of eventual cancer deaths.

Dr. Gofman, it might be noted, cites quite different figures for total exposure in his two discussions, perhaps because, each time he reached out into the air to pluck them, different figures were whizzing by.

Mr. McCracken is assistant to the president of Boston University. His book The War against the Atom *will be published this fall by Basic Books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley recently published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel to date. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is no longer available, but we *do* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $24 rate. That's right: you get the $8.95 book absolutely *free* if you take advantage of this offer *now*.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free*.

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still other authorities, notably the glibly hysterical Dr. Helen Caldicott, maintain that because it took several days to set up all the radiation monitors surrounding the plant, we had no idea how much radiation was released during the first days. This typical and ignorant oversimplification ignores the fact that a survey of photographic film exposed for sale in Middletown during the accident shows that the maximum dose anyone away from the plant site could have gotten was less than five millirems—about what one would have gotten from a jet trip between New York and California. (How much less we do not know, but the total exposure was insufficient to fog the film, the threshhold being five millirem.)

There were also wondrous tales, dutifully chronicled by such scientific journals as the *Village Voice*, of monstrous births, fallow cows, and the like. These took on an interesting gloss in the light of the experience of an acquaintance of mine who teaches at nearby Pennsylvania State University: a decade ago he had received a grant to study weather modification. He had, in the event, confined his activities to the speculations of the laboratory. He had never *done* anything about changing the weather. Yet the purpose of his grant had become known, and twenty years later he was still being followed around by angry farmers testifying to the various havocs his unnatural practices had wreaked upon their animals and vegetables.

And, predictably, the critics had a field day with the venting of krypton gas from the containment building, a necessary first step to entering it and beginning the process of restoration. The chorus might be summed up as calling for any means of venting as long as it was not immediately practicable. A local scientist suggested to me that there would have been little problem were it not for the fact that the name of the gas in question so closely resembled that of kryptonite, widely known as the only substance ferocious enough to overcome the otherwise insuperable Man of Steel.

The risk to the average resident of the immediate area was approximately that of watching a minute or so of television —color television is radioactive—and much less than that of driving to Ocean City to avoid the threat. When the venting was finally carried out, the classiest performance was given by Joseph Hendrie, member and former chairman of the NRC, who took his family camping in the immediate area during one of the sessions. This act—which should not be called brave but was certainly elegantly imaginative —put the venting in its proper perspective.

The case of the venting provides a useful illustration of what separates the anti-nuclear movement from its targets. The owners of the reactor, the nuclear industry at large, and the regulatory agencies, all considered a damaged reactor with a containment that could not be easily entered as an anomaly to be corrected by any means that would not cause worse anomalies, e.g., the release of a dangerous amount of radiation into the atmosphere. But that was because they were legally accountable for its safe operation. The critics, devoid of responsibility, were free to oppose all and any serious proposals for venting the krypton.

The risk to the average resident of the TMI area was approximately that of watching a minute or so of color television

In general, the Movement seems interested primarily in making the case that anything you do to a nuclear reactor, from building it to dismantling it, as well as absolutely anything in between, is too dangerous to accomplish. This is in contrast to the immediate response of the industry to Three Mile Island, which was to establish the Institute for Nuclear Power Operations, with a charter to use the lessons of Three Mile Island to develop wisdom for the industry that might exceed *both* the manufacturer's instructions and the NRC's regulations. These several reactions are deeply reflective of the difference between intelligent, morally animated doers and mere reflectors.

A year and a half after the accident it was clear that it had not provided the energy the Movement had hoped to get from it. The biggest and most extreme of the anti-nuclear activist groups, the Clamshell Alliance, was having trouble getting the troops together for its periodic assaults on the construction site of the Seabrook reactor in New Hampshire, and the organization itself disbanded legally, in an apparent attempt to escape legal accountability for a damage suit filed —it was high time—by an outraged Granite State taxpayer. An "occupation" of the site in the fall of 1980 fizzled badly. The current fighting spirit of the group is perhaps suggested by a claim of success made by one member, to the effect that at least they had gotten headlines for two whole days and no one was arrested.

Helen Caldicott, meanwhile, was active in founding a feminist anti-nuclear party in which the emphasis seemed increasingly to be anti-nuclear weapons rather than anti-nuclear power. To Dr. Caldicott and her epigones, the distinction is not as clear as it is to thee and me, but the emphasis does suggest that two years after TMI they see bombs as more threatening than reactors.

There were two key referenda on nuclear power in 1980. In September, Maine voters turned down, 59 per cent to 41 per cent, a proposal to shut down the state's only reactor. In March, Sweden had voted on several proposals regulating nuclear power. A moratorium on reactor operation was defeated 58 per cent to 39 per cent, and the country opted instead to continue to implement the existing program of development.

And, in general, the rest of the world proceeded on a pro-nuclear course. In Great Britain, the Conservative government continued, perhaps with slightly increased enthusiasm, what had been the pro-nuclear policy of Labor. France is also continuing its nuclear program, commissioning light-water reactors in something approaching mass production; and its medium-sized breeder reactor, the Phenix, continues on line, while its large-sized breeder, the Super-Phenix, continues a-building. (France also continues to operate its commercial vitrification plant at Marcoule, implementing the very solution to waste disposal that we in America are constantly told does not exist.) The Japanese nuclear program, as is appropriate for a country with no oil, continues apace. The Japanese research effort is noteworthy especially for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oil is still too expensive economically and politically. Coal is still too dirty. Nuclear energy is still cheaper than the competition

Very High Temperature Gas-Cooled Reactor, which will produce heat not for electrical generation, but for industrial processes like steel-making. The atom is perhaps most under attack in Austria, where, in a national referendum, the people voted not to start up the country's only nuclear reactor, and in Germany, where court challenges and political considerations have slowed the progress of a technologically advanced effort. And although left-wing parties around the world are largely and sometimes vigorously anti-nuclear, the Soviet program continues to expand.

Indeed, two years after TMI, prospects are beginning to look up for nuclear power. For the basic conditions that originally made it attractive still hold, some of them in spades. Oil is still too expensive, economically and politically. Coal is still too dirty. (Moreover, fossil fuels generally are still too precious as chemical feedstocks to waste as fuel.) Nuclear electricity is still cheaper than the competition: even in the disastrous year of 1979—with both TMI plants out of action, consuming debt service without producing income, and with five others similarly situated because of questions about their earthquake-proofness—the Department of Energy (DOE) calculated the average kilowatt hour of nuclear-fired electricity was still cheaper—by 7 per cent—than the average kilowatt of coal-fired electricity.

In Great Britain, the General Electricity Generating Board —the electric company for all England at the time controlled by a socialist government—compared costs of its largest nuclear reactor and its latest coal-fired plant of equivalent size. And again, nuclear electricity was substantially cheaper, this time by 11 per cent. (Nuclear electricity from its oldest, fully depreciated plants was much cheaper.) And finally, Ontario Hydro, the province-owned utility calculates that its latest heavy-water reactors will generate electricity at about half the cost of modern coal-fired plants.

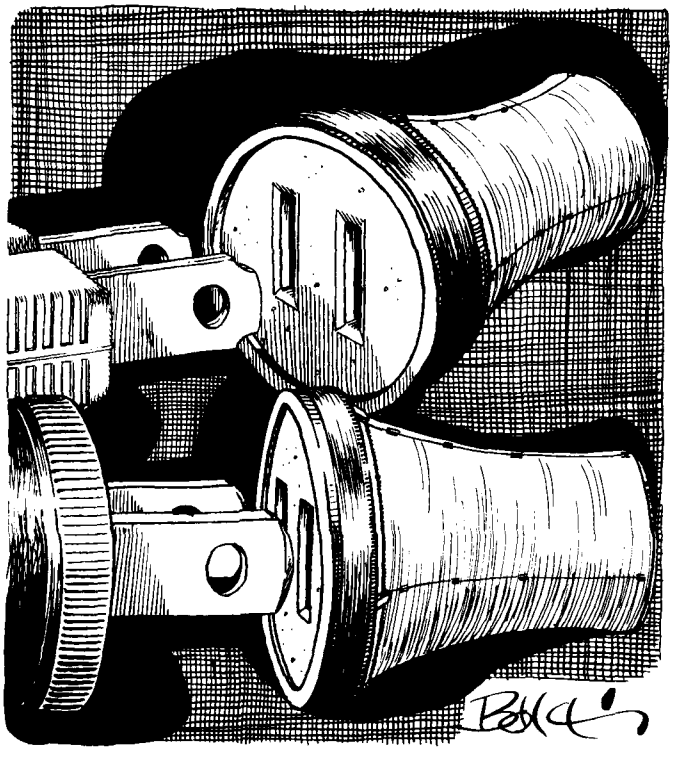
All this is to say that nuclear energy, deemed since March 28, 1979 to have been dead, may have been merely sleeping. It is hard to imagine a political sea-change more favorable to nuclear power than that which substituted Ronald Reagan for Jimmy Carter. The latter, having once taken a course in operating a naval nuclear reactor (which experience did not quite justify his famous self-characterization as "a peanut farmer and nuclear physicist") implemented such dubious policies as suspending the reprocessing of nuclear fuel and worked toward the day when United States environmentalist legislation would be imposed through export regulations on the rest of the world, will-they, nill-they. The cultural and ideological imperialism of the fashionable Left is one of the great untold stories of our day.

In contrast, we now have a President who appears to believe that energy is part of the solution rather than part of the problem. With that question gotten straight, he might have rested on his laurels and been accounted a success in terms of energy; but he went on to appoint a Secretary of Energy possessed of the same quaint heresy. Moreover, Governor Edwards's record is downright pro-nuclear.

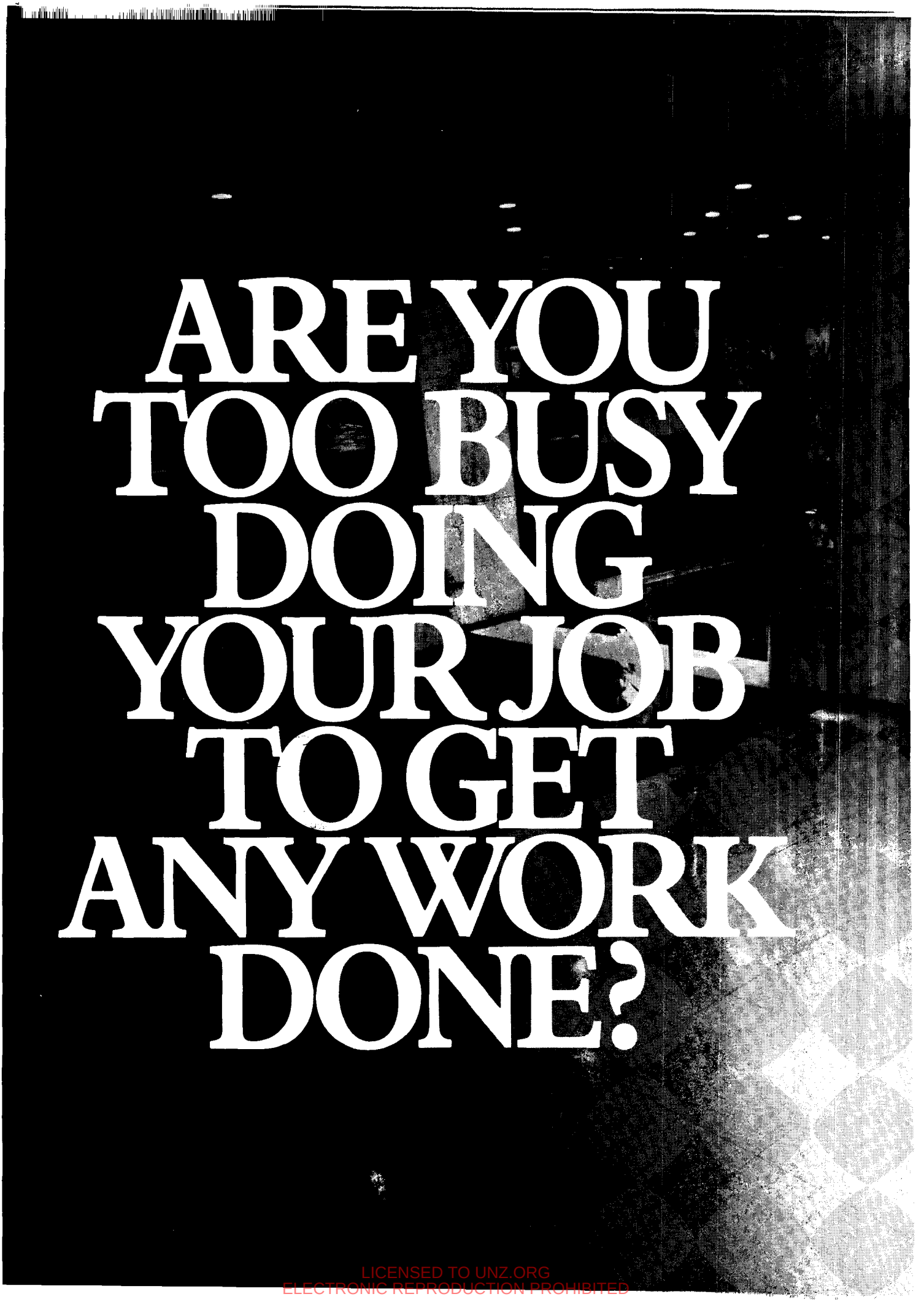
This is good news, but there are still formidable obstacles between us and an adequate development of nuclear energy. The Environmental Protection Agency yet lives, and delays will not evaporate simply because of a change in government. But an immense opportunity lies before this Administration to undo at least some of the mistakes of the immediate past.

For one, the President can annul Jimmy Carter's disastrous ban on fuel reprocessing, a step crucial to the implementation of any long-term waste strategy. Moreover, the Administration can and should draw up and submit to Congress a comprehensive plan, with realistic timetables, for establishing a permanent waste repository. In this, we should not be too proud to beg and buy technology from those European nations that have been more forehanded in this than we, and we should realize that when push comes to shove Congress will probably have to pre-empt state action in order to establish such a respository over the objections of the host state. As a matter of national policy we should no more allow a state a veto over such a facility than we would allow one over the siting of an airforce base. Doubtless even in an age of budget-cutting, the Feds will be able to come up with some splendid consolation prizes.

The White House remains a bully pulpit, and Mr. Reagan can do a great deal to solve our energy problems by talking to the nation as lucidly about the atom as he has talked to it about inflation. Looked at rationally, nuclear energy is a means to derive centuries of energy from materials that are essentially good for nothing else. The National Council of Churches was not far off the mark when a couple of decades ago it called this energy a gift from God. We may have a chance to make use of the gift after all. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



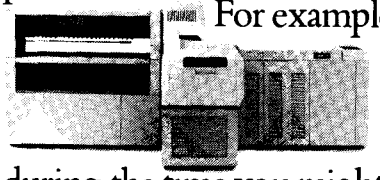
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most jobs can be divided into two parts: Meaningful work. And the time-consuming chores that keep you from getting to it.

This is one of those perennial problems that business people have traditionally chosen just to grin and bear.

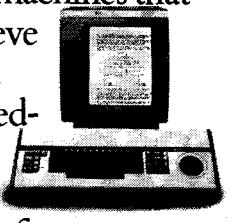
But it's getting harder and harder to grin—particularly when you consider all the money wasted because people are increasingly busy and decreasingly productive.

At Xerox, we can help correct the problem.



For example, we make machines that can help give you finished reports during the time you might otherwise spend waiting. The machines are Xerox copiers, and we've spent years making ones that not only copy, but also collate, reduce and even staple sets together automatically.

There are also Xerox machines that create, edit, store and retrieve information electronically. Saving people hours of needless effort.



And Xerox machines that take information right from computers, then print it out using the typeface and format you choose. All at two pages a second.

There's even a special cable—called the Ethernet cable—that can link office machines into a single network. Organizing your information so that it's always accessible, instead of occasionally missing.

In other words, Xerox machines help make you more productive by doing the time-consuming chores you shouldn't be doing.

Unlike you, our machines don't have anything better to do.

XEROX

XEROX® and Ethernet are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help !!!!

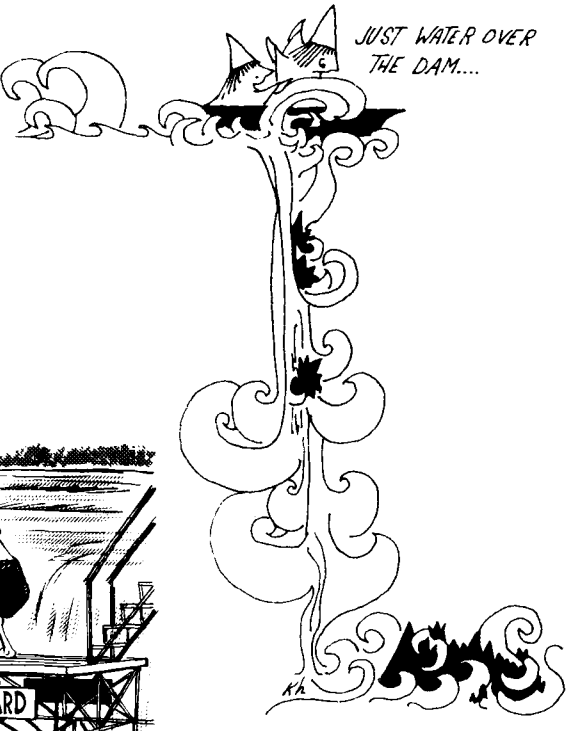
The Khapra Beetle's Here

Though native to the tropics, it's
Susceptible to travel fits,
When, burlap-borne, it sallies forth
To gorge in grain bins in the North.
It hates the cold (Who doesn't?), so
It's dormant during ice and snow,
But warmth encourages it to slurp
Through forty pounds without a burp.
So if your stocks are far astern
And all your broker does is churn,
With this tip it should be a breeze
To clean up in commodities.

W. H. VON DREELE

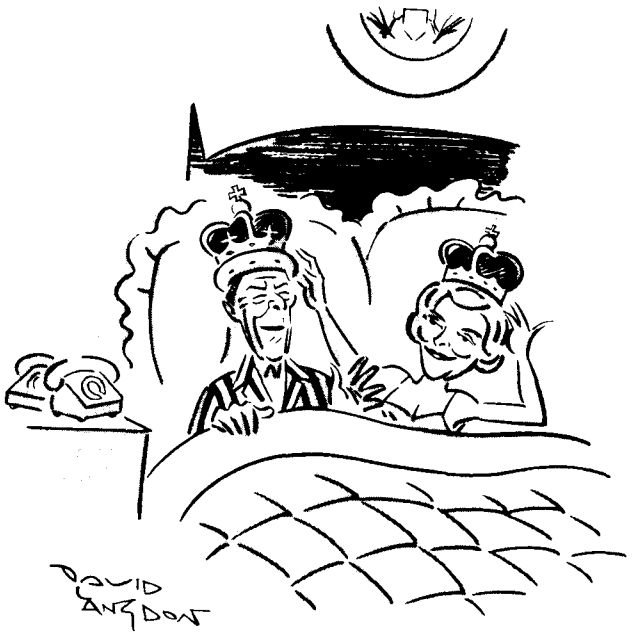
Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Who rules in Poland?



Kate Howell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

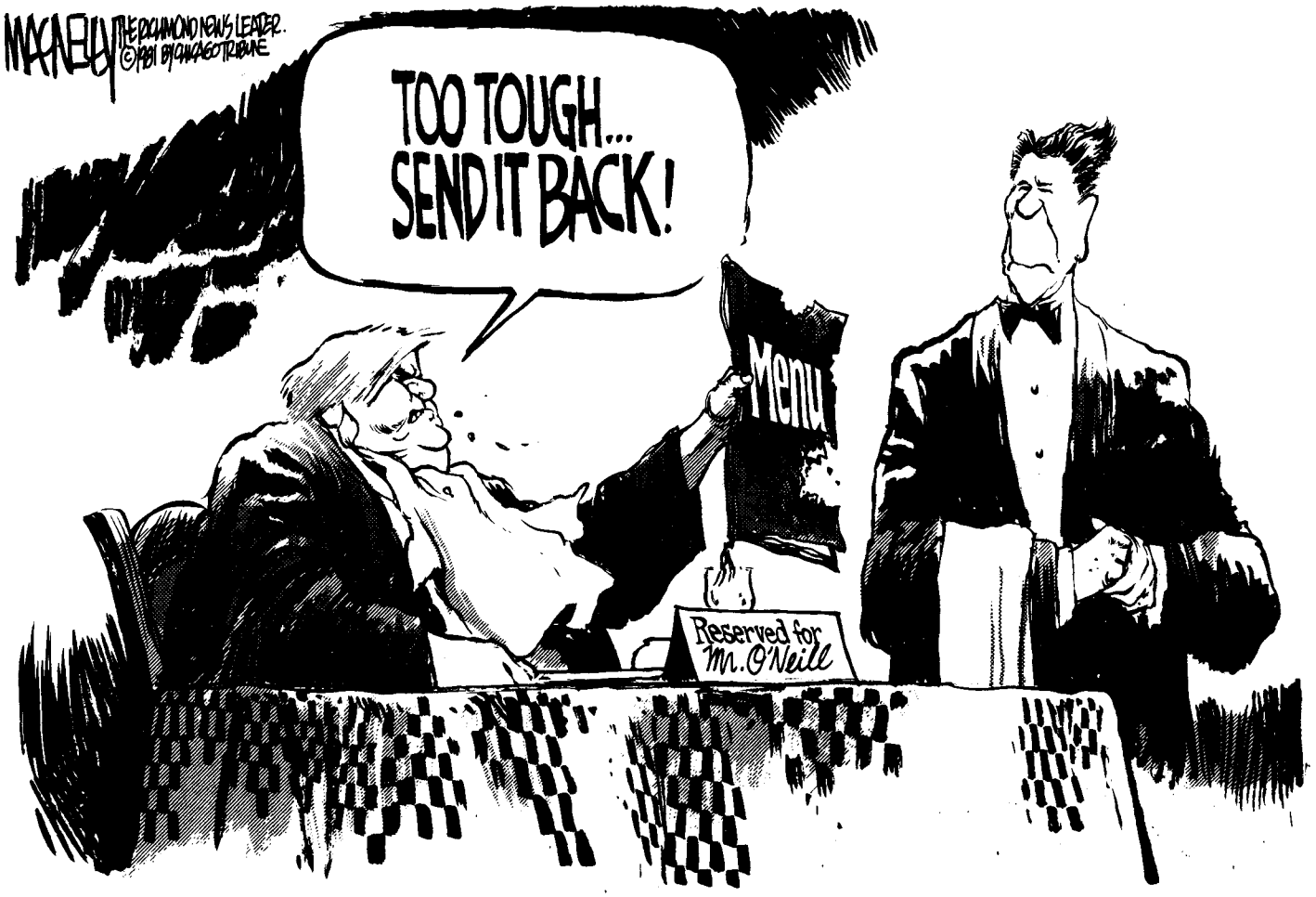


Langdon, *Punch*

"Okay, Nancy, okay—but only when we're alone."

Rothco

"His first appointment is mere tokenism; his second is cronyism."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENERGY

An Oil Import Tax?

THOMAS GALE MOORE

CONSUMERS, PRODUCERS, and the economy usually flourish under free trade. Import quotas or tariffs usually reduce the efficiency of the economy and lower living standards. Nevertheless, tariffs can make sense.

At the start of the Seventies, crude sold for around $2.50 a barrel; by 1974 it was $12 or $13 per barrel; since the Iranian revolution the price has gone to over $30 per barrel. Though the media often attribute the steep rise in the price of oil to the actions of OPEC, in this instance the OPEC "cartel" appears to be constantly attempting to catch up to the "free market," as spot prices for oil have consistently topped OPEC prices.

Thus, the recent rise in prices can be attributed almost exclusively to the sharp reduction in exports by Iran and to the ensuing panic as oil companies and importers bid frantically for the remaining supplies. Saudi Arabia has, until recently, increased its production to take up part of the slack caused by the initial reduction in oil from Iran and then the further reduction following the outbreak of war between Iraq and Iran. During 1979, when there was the greatest run-up in prices, Middle East production and world production actually increased, even though Iranian output fell.

The United States imports nearly 50 per cent of its total petroleum consumption, but only about two million barrels a day (or about 11 per cent of our total consumption) comes from the Middle East. Still, the loss of oil from any country would drastically increase competition for the remaining world supplies. It is vital that we reduce our imports to lessen our vulnerability.

An import fee, tax, or tariff could reduce our vulnerability, raise the price of energy within the United States while lowering the world price of crude oil, encourage conservation, and stimulate domestic energy production. The United States, which imports nearly one-quarter of all oil sold in international markets, can have a marked effect on world prices. A tax on U.S. oil imports would, in addition, help solve a number of energy problems.

As oil costs rose, consumers and industry would shift to other sources of energy, driving those prices higher. Higher energy costs would encourage conservation. Gasoline use, for example, declined over the past year as prices rose at the pump. Higher fuel costs would result in still further reductions in gasoline sales. The public would accelerate its shift to fuel-efficient vehicles and to other means of transport. Business would become more keenly aware of the need to conserve as higher energy costs threatened profit margins.

CONSERVATION is only one advantage to be gained from higher imported oil prices. A tax on consumption, such as was suggested by John Anderson last fall during the election campaign, would also encourage conservation, but it wouldn't significantly reduce our dependence on imports. An import fee would spur the development of more energy resources within the nation. Domestic sources of oil and natural gas would be more thoroughly explored and developed in the hope of increased profits. It would become more valuable to extract the heavy crudes, which are only marginally economic now.

The production of energy from alternative sources would also be stimulated. Higher energy prices would promote improved techniques to extract petroleum from tar sands, shale, and coal without the need of federal subsidies. Solar energy would become a more attractive source of power. It is impossible to pinpoint those synthetic energy sources which may provide significant quantities of energy, but higher oil prices will prompt entrepreneurs to develop those most profitable and useful.

Since the U.S. is such a large importer of crude, a fall in our purchases of oil will put downward pressure on world oil prices. Our allies and the rest of the free world will benefit as well, since they will be able to purchase energy at lower prices. Reducing our dependence on imports will also make us less vulnerable to the threat of import interruptions.

It is important to note that there would be a significant advantage in exempting Mexico and Canada from an import duty on oil, and there is a precedent for doing so—the oil import quota system of the Fifties and Sixties exempted overland imports. An exemption would encourage them to increase production, since they would receive the world price plus the equivalent of the import duty for any oil sold to the U.S. Profiting more from oil sold on our markets than elsewhere, they would export most of their crude to the U.S. Over time this probably would result in North America's becoming self-sufficient in petroleum production.

Energy is a major cost component of manufacturing and of transportation. Higher import costs result in higher manufacturing and shipping costs, making our manufacturers less competitive in world markets. The Federal Government should partly offset this potential handicap through reducing explicit and implicit taxes on manufacturing by the amount of revenue garnered from the import duty. The import duty should not be treated as a scheme to increase tax revenues.

A tariff on imported oil will also boost prices to consumers and increase the wealth of energy producers (some of which will be recouped through higher income tax receipts). Nevertheless, these transfers will be a small price to pay for security, self-sufficiency, and speedier development of alternatives to our current oil-based economy. □

Mr. Moore is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

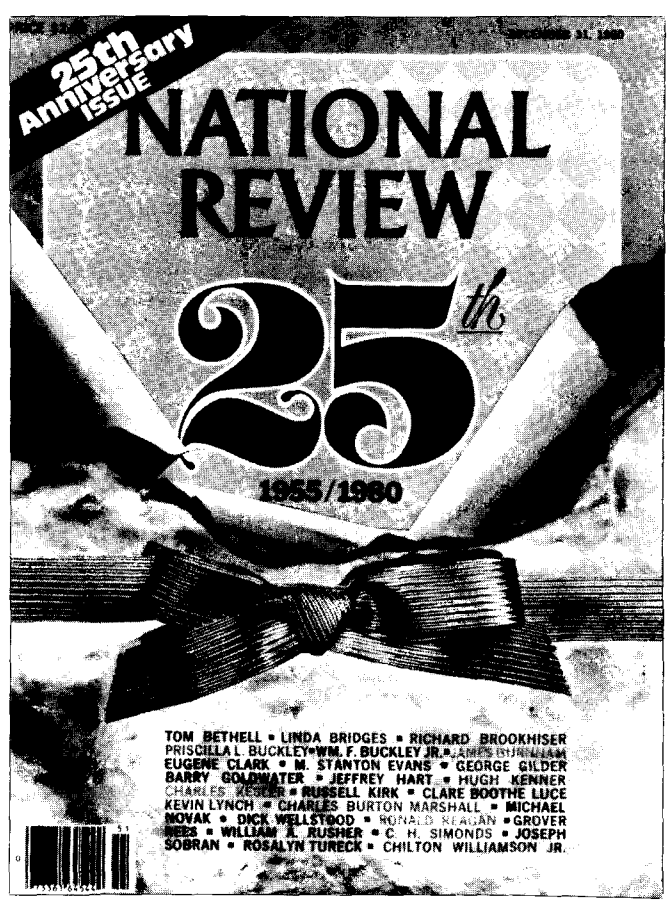
Start off the Reagan Administration "right" with your own subscription to National Review

Yes, getting your own subscription to *National Review* is the "right" way to enjoy the new Reagan Administration. You'll want (even need) NR to sort out who's who and what's what, to help you keep up with what it all means to *you*. No other magazine in America is in a better position to give you that kind of reporting, from the inside, so to speak — we've been conservatives all along, so we already *know* what most other publications are just starting to learn!

And you get the very best in NR. It's hard to think of a well-known conservative writer who *hasn't* appeared in our pages. And more are "joining up" regularly, so you're treated to a wide range of articles, features and reviews in every issue. The net result will make your life more interesting, especially because it all comes to you with the wit and humor that has become an NR trademark.

So why don't *you* start this New Administration right with *National Review*? An introductory subscription, 12 stimulating issues (24 weeks), costs only $9.95. That's a full $5.05 saving over the newsstand cost — and you get it hot off the press. Just fill out the handy card opposite and return it today. We'll take it from there. (Congratulations you've just joined the "New Majority"!)

P.S. If you are already an NR reader why not take this happy opportunity to send *National Review* to some "New Conservative" you know (there are lots of them now). You'll never find a better time than right *now*.


25th Anniversary ISSUE
NATIONAL REVIEW
25th
1955/1980
TOM BETHELL • LINDA BRIDGES • RICHARD BROOKHISER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY • WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. • JAMES BURNHAM
EUGENE CLARK • M. STANTON EVANS • GEORGE GILDER
BARRY GOLDWATER • JEFFREY HART • HUGH KENNER
CHARLES KESLER • RUSSELL KIRK • CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
KEVIN LYNCH • CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL • MICHAEL
NOVAK • DICK WELLSTOOD • RONALD REAGAN • GROVER
REES • WILLIAM A. RUSHER • C. H. SIMONDS • JOSEPH
SOBRAN • ROSALYN TURECK • CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S DREAM

God and Man at Tuskegee

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

THE CIVIL WAR was over. Rumors of some sort of drastic change had already drifted to the slaves on the rundown plantation in Franklin County Virginia. Still, none of the field hands or household slaves on the old estate were quite sure what to expect when word came from the master that, young and old, they were all to gather in front of the veranda of the "big house" to hear a message. One of the youngest slaves, a lad not yet in his teens, vividly remembered the scene years later:

> In company with my mother, brother and sister . . . I went to the master's house . . . a stranger (a United States officer, I presume) made a little speech and then read a rather long paper—the Emancipation Proclamation. . . . After the reading we were told that we were all free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She explained to us what it all meant, that this was the day for which she had been so long praying, but fearing that she would never live to see.

And then a strange thing happened, something that shaped the character and goals of the young onlooker for the rest of his life and helped him to write a truly heroic chapter in American history. "For some minutes," he would recall, "there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving." But:

> The wild rejoicing . . . lasted but for a brief period, for I noticed that by the time they returned to their cabins there was a change in their feelings. The great responsibility of being free, of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan for themselves and their children, seemed to take possession of them. . . . Was it any wonder that within a few hours the wild rejoicing ceased and a feeling of deep gloom seemed to pervade the slave quarters?

The boy who witnessed both the excitement and the foreboding of those first hours of freedom would survive to 1915. An inspired and inspiring organizer, teacher, orator, and writer, his name was Booker T. Washington and he proved to be one of the most impressive Americans of his era, black or white. Besides his personal example, Booker T. Washington's most durable legacy to America is Tuskegee Institute, which will celebrate its centennial—appropriately enough—on Independence Day 1981. A century ago, Tuskegee's first classes were taught in a dilapidated shanty near the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in which it was founded.

TODAY Tuskegee is a fully accredited university with five professional schools and a liberal arts college. The once barren scrubland on which the Institute was situated is now an attractive modern campus of two hundred acres surrounded by five thousand acres of forest land and graced by several historic landmarks. In the intervening century Tuskegee's story has been one of hard work and great achievement. Campus buildings were often built by students and faculty themselves, from brickmaking to carpentry, plumbing, and wiring. An early member of the faculty, Dr. George Washington Carver, not only raised the standard of living for several generations of black farmers, but also rescued Southern agriculture from the blight of the boll weevil by developing peanuts as a major money crop. Carver's research, much of it carried out at Tuskegee, revolutionized farming and served as a model for the U.S. Extension Service. He also may have invented the mobile classroom in the form of the "Jessup Agricultural Wagon," a mule-drawn rig laden with farming implements used to teach neighboring farmers in rural Alabama. Later additions to the curriculum included pioneer courses for Southern blacks in fields as complex as aviation; among many other distinguished alumni, Tuskegee can proudly claim the late General "Chappie" James, who broke the color barrier as a young U.S. flier during World War II and went on to become one of the most distinguished senior officers in the history of the service.

Booker T. Washington has described the philosophy behind Tuskegee's early years, when basic vocational skills were stressed as the necessary first step up the educational rung for rural blacks: "No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem." But the Institute has come a long way since Washington's time. In the words of its current president, Dr. L. H. Foster, Tuskegee's present enrollment of 3,500 students "prepare for careers as architects, engineers, nurses, veterinarians, business entrepreneurs, social workers, dietitians, agriculturalists, teachers, computer specialists, and the like. They come mostly from Alabama and the Southeast, but 38 states are represented, as well as 21 overseas countries. They're bright and promising young people of considerable potential, and a joy to see develop."

They are also mainly, though not exclusively, black, as are the faculty and administration. Most students come from families of modest means—96 per cent require some financial aid and two out of three of them need full assistance to attend Tuskegee. Every dollar spent on them is an investment not only in deserving, promising young Americans, but in a more broadly based, future black middle class—a dedicated cadre that can lead millions of other black Americans into the productive mainstream in the years ahead.

Which leads me to my own motive for writing this brief piece on Tuskegee and its centennial. The other day, as a past Fellow of Harvard University, I received a fund-raising solicitation from that remarkable but far from flawless center of learning. Between appeals for further contributions, the Harvard mis-

---

Aram Bakshian Jr., a former presidential aide, writes frequently on politics, education, and the arts for a number of American and European periodicals including the Wall Street Journal, NATIONAL REVIEW, The American Spectator *and* The Washingtonian. *His most recent book is* The Candidates—1980.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive gloated over the hundreds of millions of dollars already raised for endowments. I couldn't help wondering how much more educational and social progress might be made if each of the well-heeled donors to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, and the rest of our gilded ivory towers would simply "tithe" their lavish gifts to their alma maters in the form of donations to Tuskegee's Centennial Campaign. Ditto some of the philanthropists, corporations, and foundations who pay so much lip service to enlightened social policy but tend to prefer glamor endowments to the poets rather than the tillers of this world.

Tuskegee's Centennial goal is modest enough—$20 million, of which $2.5 million is to be raised from alumni, $6 million from corporations, $5 million from foundations and $6.5 million from government sources. By the last quarter of 1980, $6 million of the overall $20 million goal had been subscribed but $14 million still must be raised and time is growing short. Among the distinguished Americans on the campaign's steering committee are Astronaut Frank Borman, J. Willard Marriott Jr., of the Marriott Corporation, baseball great Hank Aaron, former Postmaster General Winton Blount, David Packard of Hewlett Packard, *Black Enterprise* publisher Earl G. Graves, David Mahoney of Norton Simon Inc., distinguished public servant and civic leader Jewel La Fontant, and, as chairman of the drive, former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld.

Rumsfeld sums up the purpose of the campaign as "a commitment to Tuskegee's future . . . a commitment to excellence, a commitment to expanded opportunities, a commitment to a priceless national resource." I would only add that contributing to Tuskegee is much more than a sop to conscience or a bleeding-heart gesture. It is a positive recognition of a century of splendid achievement made against often overwhelming odds. It is also an investment in both Tuskegee and the basic national values of self-improvement and voluntarism, precepts embodied by the young ex-slave from Franklin County Virginia who, in the words inscribed on his monument at Tuskegee, "lifted the veil of ignorance from his people and pointed the way to progress through education and industry."

But perhaps the last word should go to Tuskegee's other early giant, that gentle genius, Dr. George Washington Carver: "It is quiet, unseen giving, which never reaches the ears of the world that makes possible the existence of the best things in the world." Tuskegee has given America a great deal, materially and morally. Its centennial offers us a chance to repay a little of that enormous debt and lay the foundation for another century of progress. □

Emergency Word Service

As an English teacher, I couldn't help but notice a recent news story that said that if the writing skills continue to decline in this country, an English teacher will be in demand for his specialized abilities in the same way a plumber or an electrician or a mechanic is in demand now.

I can hardly wait.

When that great day comes, I'll be in my word office, diagramming sentences and hammering phrases into shape, and the phone will ring.

"Hello, sir," a voice says in a pleading tone. "Is this Emergency Word Service?"

"Yeah. I'm up to my reading glasses in work, and I really can't be bothered."

"My name is Jack Jock. Henry Littlefinger referred me to you."

"Ol' dangling-participle Littlefinger?" I say, continuing to draw brackets around an appositive.

"Yes, sir, I suppose."

"Suppose? I know it's him. One of his modifiers was once so misplaced that I never could find it."

"Oh. Well, sir, I've got to get this report in to my boss, and the deadline's tomorrow, and, uh, I was wondering, sir, if you make house calls."

I don't say a thing. Let *him* dangle a bit. I keep replacing commas with periods and semicolons.

"Impossible," I finally snap. "We've had a special on run-ons and my regular punctuator is on vacation. I couldn't get to you until a week from Monday, unless you're willing to pay time-and-a-half, of course."

"Yes, sir, I'll pay."

They all say that.

I give him my hourly rate at time-and-a-half, he agrees to it, tells me where he lives, and I let him know I'll be there as soon as I can, probably by midnight.

About 1 A.M. I put on my elbow-patched corduroy jacket, grab my pipe, *Roget's*, a Strunk and White, and head for my wordmobile, which I call The Know Truck.

At Jock's door I stick a pencil behind my ear, dust some eraser fragments off my jacket, and am jingling paper clips in my pocket when he answers my knock, his features horribly twisted with anxiety.

"So good of you to come out in the snow, sir," he says.

He leads me into the den. There on a desk is a butchered report. I pull up a chair and lean over it as Jock peers anxiously at me, trying to read my face for a sign of how serious the damage is.

I squint, I furrow my brows, purse my lips, say, "Hmmmmmmm," sigh, and then shake my head.

The man is about to collapse.

I tell him that it needs a complete overhaul, including reworking of transitions, sentence-structure patter, paragraphing, and style; and correction of spelling, checking of all grammar and usage, and a rewriting of the whole thing. I quote him my fee and tell him that welding together split infinitives will be extra.

He winces but says okay.

"I won't be able to get it back to you, though, until after your deadline."

"You can't do it here, now?"

"To do a complete overhaul like this I'll have to take it to my office. Unless, of course, you want to pay double time."

He agrees. The poor, ignorant wretches all agree.

—John Keefauver

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM INDIA

Oh, Benares

THOMAS MOLNAR

I HAVE VISITED several holy cities: Rome, Jerusalem, and Kairouan in Tunisia. I could *sense* sacredness in Rome and Jerusalem, despite the noisy Vespas in the first and the high-rise apartment buildings in the second. In a fourth sacred place, Delphi, the impression of sacredness came through most strongly of all, perhaps because there are no noisy merchants at dawn or dusk to spoil one's awe of the valley and the groves.

In Benares, a sacred city in India's Uttar Pradesh, the impression was devastating in the negative sense of the word. It is a Hindu and Buddhist holy place. Tens of thousands of the faithful arrive here annually to cleanse themselves in the River Ganges, to spend their last days there, and to be cremated on funeral pyres on the shores of the river, so that their ashes can be sprinkled on its trash-filled waters. Hindus believe that he who dies in Benares will achieve salvation.

This is what the travel books tell us. They do not mention the real horror. As a weathered traveler, I have seen terrible things. I have been in Calcutta with its thousands and thousands of bodies (alive? dying? dead?) lying in streets, alleys, and gutters. But Benares dwarfs everything else I have seen.

It is early morning. We drive the five miles from hotel to river. The bustle cannot be described; but, it is not the healthy activity of an awakening big city: it is the aimless wandering of living corpses compressed in a mass. Here is the "exotic Orient": the workshops with tailors squatting and sewing, scribes writing other peoples' letters; ambling cows, buffaloes covered with mud on the way to the river, donkeys invisible under their burdens, sinister-looking camels, even elephants, their trunks red with henna.

This could be picturesque: it is not. It is not "underdevelopment" which creates the horror, the revulsion, the stench; it is, when all is said and done, the religion, which tolerates this indescribable squalor, filth, degradation, and animality. This is not the poverty of slums, I feel, not even that of the *villas miseria* and *favellas* of Lima or Rio. It is an accepted and natural state of affairs. A few sights we couldn't bring ourselves to photograph: a woman in rags pulling two dead rats on a string; dozens of emaciated wretches, men and women, sitting and begging in dirt that you would be reluctant to step in for fear of infection, yet they are practically naked; young beggars with limbs eaten by leprosy trying to grab your legs. You would need Mother Teresa's soul not to jump out of their reach.

We reach the Ganges and take a boat ride. All the buildings we can see from the river are in various stages of dilapidation. The heat and the moisture have eaten into stone, brick, and plaster; everything is pock-marked, with that leprous aspect that overtakes even decently constructed buildings when, in tropical lands, nobody cares and everything decays.

ON THE steps leading down to the river and on the stone landings are masses of people. Pilgrims and locals doing their . . . well, what should one call it?—acts of private life. The dirty green river becomes bathroom, toilet, mouthwash, laundromat, drinking place for animal and man. Fully or half-immersed, people wash their hair, their underwear, rinse their mouths, and defecate, as the freely floating dung testifies. All this with the utmost matter-of-factness, without embarrassment. Our oarsman, sweating under the beating sun, leans over the side and slurps palmsful of water.

On this horrifying boat ride, I no longer know whether we are navigating the River Styx or gliding with Dante in a liquid hell. We come in sight of the funeral pyres. On the way to Benares we had passed trucks loaded with white-wrapped bodies, corpses brought by families from distant villages. All day the pyres burn, and every three hours or so a white- or red-clad, garlanded, cadaver is laid on top. There it burns for hours.

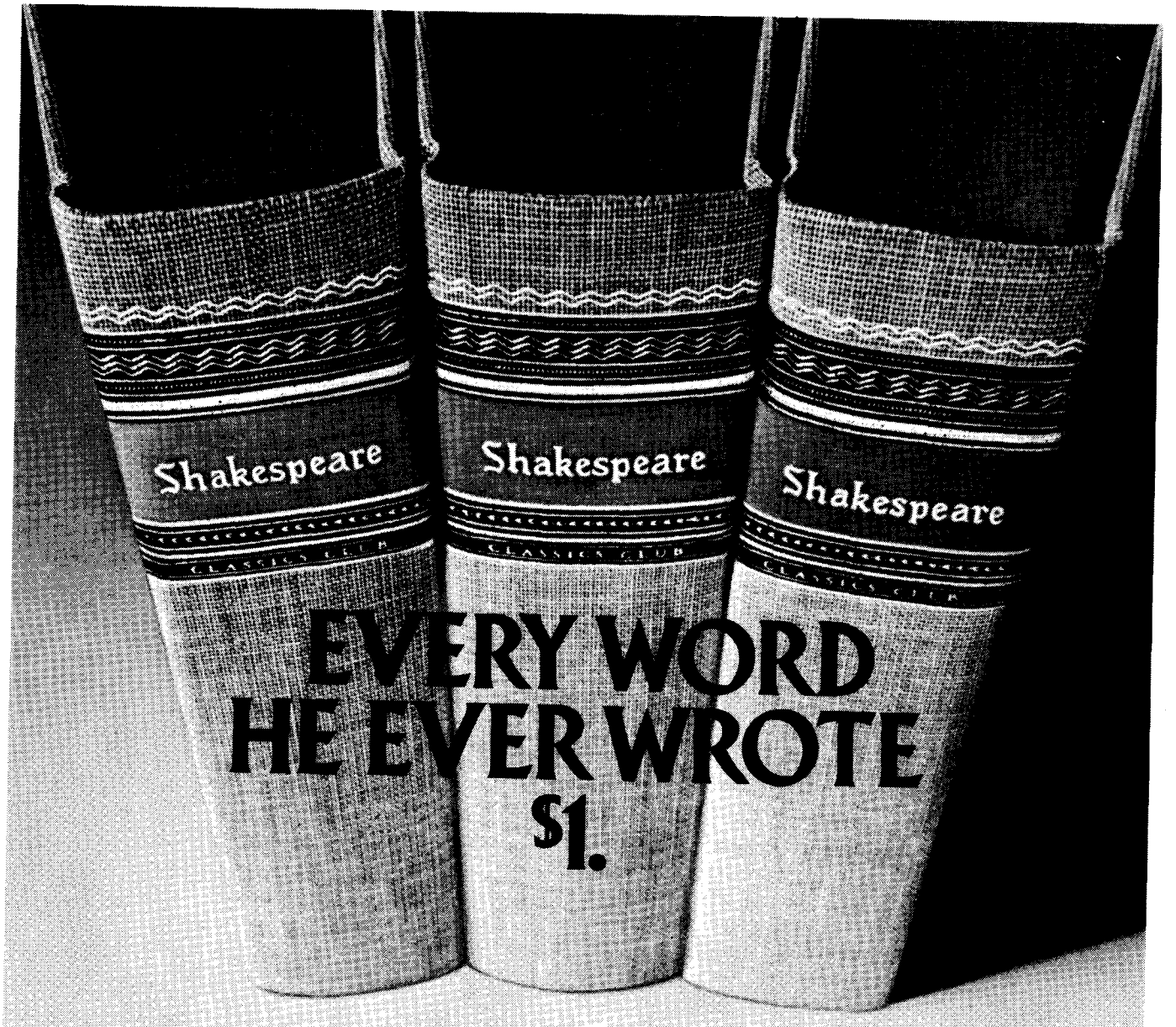
Do you remember being horrified by Herodotus' report of tribes that leave their old on the village street to be devoured by vagrant dogs? Remote times, distant places. But the burning corpses in the busy mid-morning along the banks of the Ganges at Benares are enough to turn your stomach. It is not the act of cremation itself. It's the utter degradation of the scene: the squalor, defecation, hashish, the pus-filled wounds on the backs of the holy men, pilgrims pushing and crowding into temples where a sweetish stench dominates—all that, plus the dead.

It was hard, afterward, to sort out my impressions, to pull them together. Paul Claudel once wrote to friends, during his travels and ambassadorships in the Far East, that oriental religion is the devil's invention. In these ecumenical times one is not supposed to say such things. Yet that is my inescapable conclusion. The faith of the worshippers is, without any doubt, sincere, even fervent. They translate it into acts with unreflective honesty. But the objects of worship are brutal, inhuman deities who know how to scare, punish, avenge, mock, and cheat, not to elevate and forgive; and the environment surrounding the worshippers repels rather than attracts: horrid, grimacing idols with cunning or cruel stares; incredibly gaudy vulgarity, copulating monkeys, defecating cows, mud, stench, garbage.

Hippies are drawn to this witches' brew, and the reason is not far to find. Houseboats at Benares shelter (if that is the word) hordes of hippies from Scandinavia, Holland, America, and elsewhere. Tall and blond, the average hippie stands out in the company of the rickshaw drug consumers and other members of this Ganges underworld. What attracts and keeps them here is the degradation: of reason, of self-esteem, of vital forces, of faith in God and man. Here they find innumerable gods and none at all; everybody may do his thing just like the monkeys and the cows, sinking slowly toward the Ganges or Nirvana. Intelligence and purposefulness dissolve on the trashheap, the body rots until it becomes one with the road, the grass, the dung. The great nothingness envelops all, and the ashes go into the river. □

Mr. Molnar's latest book is Theists and Atheists: A Typology of Non-Belief.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now you can own it all.
Everything Shakespeare ever wrote.
Every comedy. Every tragedy. Every historical drama. Every epic and romantic poem. Every finely-chiseled sonnet.

They're yours in three handsome volumes for only $1.00, as your introduction to The Classics Club.

The Classics Club is quite unlike any other book club. It doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that will never grow old.

These books include Utopia by Thomas More; the wisdom of Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Walden by Thoreau; and other fresh, spontaneous even outspoken works that stretch your mind and sweep away the mental cobwebs that hold back most men.

You never have to buy any of these books. (To force you to buy a classic would be barbaric.) Take only those books you really want to own. And, at any time, you may cancel your membership, without penalty or hurt feelings.

The selections themselves are remarkable values. They're carefully printed on expensive paper stock. They're hard-bound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in crimson, black, and 23-karat gold.

And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer our members these deluxe editions for only $7.39 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you the complete works of Shakespeare. Volume I, containing all his Comedies. Volume II, the Historical Dramas. Volume III, the Tragedies and Poems. Over 1300 pages in three matched Classics Club volumes. All three (regularly $22.17) for only $1.00, plus shipping.

We're betting that once you savor the words and thoughts that made Shakespeare the most quoted author of all time, you'll want to stay in the Club so you can meet some of the other great story tellers, philosophers, poets, and historians who, like Shakespeare, have lit our way and helped us to see life more clearly.

Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in the coupon now, while the invitation still stands.

THE CLASSICS CLUB
ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once the complete works of Shakespeare. I enclose *no money now.* After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $1 (plus shipping) or return them. As a member, I will get a complete list of titles from which to select the books I want. For each volume I choose, I pay only $7.39 (plus shipping). I may return any book for full credit within 21 days and I may cancel my membership at any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. and Canada only.)

THE CLASSICS CLUB, ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576 1-OE

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

Street _____ CO1D3G

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

Note: Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only, offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Restless Baltic Republics

From the Continent

E. von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

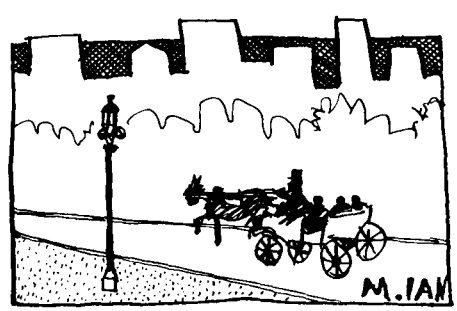
IT WAS inevitable that events in Poland should produce repercussions in the Baltic Republics incorporated into the USSR. This is especially true of Estonia, where high-school students have staged demonstrations against the Kremlin's steady push for "Russification," a process made easier by the low birthrates of both the Estonians and their southern neighbors, the Latvians. A group of Estonian intellectuals have even dared sign a resolution expressing their solidarity with the rioting students and repeating their grievances against Moscow. Late last year there were also strikes in some Estonian factories, another index of the political tension in this ethnic enclave of slightly over one million.

Even though more than a quarter of the people in Estonia are now Russians, the Estonians are particularly susceptible to free-world influence because they are within reach of Finnish television broadcasts. (Estonians and Finns are closely related, and an intelligent Estonian can understand Finnish without having studied it.) Foreigners often fail to appreciate that the only thing common to the three Baltic nations is the historical fact that they have gradually fallen under the sway of Russia. In 1919 they threw off the Russian yoke, but in 1940, thanks to a secret agreement between Germany and the USSR, they were again incorporated.

Although Estonians and Latvians are not ethnically related, prior to being conquered by Russia both countries lived under the sway of the Teutonic Order of the Sword. Their culture is Germanic, and the vast majority of Estonians and a considerable majority of Latvians are Lutherans (the eastern Latvians, having once been under Polish rule, are Catholics). There is nothing "Eastern" about their culture and civilization: their cities and towns resemble those of northern Germany or Scandinavia. This continues to be true today, despite the considerable Russian immigration. Riga, the capital and main port of Latvia, has a Russian majority.

Lithuania, which has an ancient history and whose land once extended almost to the Black Sea, is the most populous of the Baltic states and offers the most rigorous resistance to the USSR. A Catholic country united for centuries to Poland, Lithuania seems to belong to Central rather than Northern Europe. Perhaps even more so than their Latvian relatives, the Lithuanians are a tough people, conscious of their glorious history and not easily subdued. Though not overly friendly toward the Poles (the country still has a Polish minority), they share with them a common period of history covering four hundred years and keep a keen watch on events in Poland. In the past, they were the most relentless antagonists of Christianity, and the conversion of this pagan island in an already Christian sea came only at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century. Today their resistance is at once national and religious, with the accent on the latter. There have been arrests and new deportations in recent years, but a clandestine Catholic underground press is in operation, and an iron will to resist, manifest through the ages, still exists. A very high birthrate—the most effective weapon against Russification—has led to a large emigration, especially to the United States, where well-organized Lithuanian immigrants continue to work for the liberation of their homeland.

The United States does not acknowledge Soviet rule over the Baltic States.



Such recognition has never been on the program of even the most "progressive" presidential candidate. Yet, the prospects for liberation of these hapless nations are no better—and no worse—than those of the other Eastern European satellites. Two not utterly unlikely possibilities for liberation are 1) a third world war that the Soviet Union would lose, and 2) the collapse of the USSR through internal upheavals.

There have been upheavals in the Soviet Union that were brutally quashed by the KGB. To the best of my knowledge the gravest of these "incidents" occurred in 1969 in Novocherkask, after the regular army had refused to intervene. (It took seven months for the news to reach the West, which is a good indication of how opaque the USSR still is.) Some day the "fire brigade" may arrive too late and the conflagration spread.

THE PROPORTION of convinced Communists in the USSR is extremely small. In October 1980 a *New York Times* correspondent who has spent the past three years in the USSR hazarded that only 2 per cent of the Soviet population actually believe in Communism. My own guess is that the number might be about twice that size. The figure of 17 million Party members, in a total population of 250 million, gives a misleading impression. Even the Party harbors dissidents (there being no better camouflage than outward loyalty). Therefore, though not likely in view of the organizational aspect of Communism, a collapse should not be ruled out even though the people have no alternative ideology, no alternative utopia. Such an alternative vision could be achieved only through concrete, methodical, ideological propaganda from the West or through the people's freedom to speak and to publish.

Such an evolution (or revolution) is therefore a Russian, not a "Baltic" problem. Once liberated and perhaps integrated into a federated Europe, the Baltic nations would face an immense job of reconstruction. They have suffered inordinately from all the executions, deportations, incarcerations, and deprivations of higher education and civil freedom. Even when their wounds have healed, these three martyred nations will bear their scars: victimized by an infamous Nazi-Soviet pact and by Western paralysis. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

Gas Saver Tested & Patented

DENVER—The Copley News Service reported that United States Patents have now been issued to Wm. Trevaskis, California veteran electrical engineer, for his Vapor-Jet® brand water vapor injector (Pat. #4,119,062).

Trevaskis has developed what amounts to a 20 cents per gallon "rebate" on gasoline, by designing a low-cost injector for automobiles, light trucks, vans and recreational vehicles.

The Vapor-Jet® system has survived lab testing by a certified independent automotive testing laboratory. Test results showed miles per gallon improvement of 17.3 per cent on Trevaskis' 1971 Ford Galaxy and 13.3 per cent on a 1973 Olds Starfire.

Water injectors were developed to a highly refined state during World War II, to give combat planes increased speed and extended range. However, up to now, the low price of gas and the high cost and extremely difficult installation required for earlier injectors combined to make them unattractive for automobiles and light trucks.

The design of Trevaskis' new Vapor-Jet® is, on the other hand, very inexpensive ($29.95 + $3.00 shipping) and can be easily installed in ten to fifteen minutes.

The Vapor-Jet® has an unconditional 60 day guarantee. If for any reason you are not satisfied you may return it within 60 days of the day you installed it for a $29.95 refund. Following are some questions most frequently asked about Vapor-Jet® :

How does the Vapor-Jet® system work?

Vapor-Jet® operates very simply with no moving parts to wear out. It uses engine vacuum to pull outside air through a reservoir containing a water/methanol mixture which is attached to the car under the hood. This causes the fluid to bubble and splash forming a mist of water droplets and vapor in the upper part of the reservoir. This mist is then drawn by vacuum through a hose which is connected to any intake manifold suction hose. This connection is made very simply by our exclusive hypodermic-like injector nozzle which contains a regulator to allow just the right amount of mist to pass into the combustion chamber.

The introduction of this mist into the fuel air mixture has a cooling effect that increases the mixture density, extends the burning rate, and improves combustion efficiency. This eliminates ping (predetonation) and dieseling (after running of motor). Since steam is a good cleaner it also helps dissolve carbon deposits on the spark plugs and cylinder walls of older vehicles and helps prevent carbon buildup in new ones. Tests prove engine horsepower and octane ratings are increased with Vapor-Jet® because more fuel is converted into power producing energy. Vapor-Jet® combined with regular gas gives "premium" results.

How much mileage increase can be expected?

This varies from car to car. Independent testing on Trevaskis' car obtained improvements from 13.3% to 17.3%.

Will Vapor-Jet® fit all cars and is it easy to install?

Yes. Vapor-Jet® is easily installed on all domestic and foreign cars, vans, light trucks, R.V.s, campers, motor homes, and small boats. It will work on fuel injection, lean burn cars and cars with turbo chargers and super chargers and rotary engines. It will also work with unleaded gas, gasohol, or propane burning cars. The same kit fits all cars and contains everything needed. Simple installation instructions with a diagram are included and even a novice should be able to install it in less than 10 minutes. Simply take an ice pick or drill and make a small hole through any intake manifold suction hose (i.e.; PCV hose, brake assist hose, vacuum advance hose, etc.). Screw the injector nozzle into the hole, mount the reservoir by means of the bracket and screw supplied and connect the reservoir to the injector nozzle by means of the hose supplied. If you don't want to install it yourself most service stations will for a few bucks.

Can Vapor-Jet® damage my engine or cause rust?

Absolutely not! Vapor-Jet® cools down the fuel air mixture giving a better burn and supresses ping thus aiding your engine. The mist that enters into the engine turns immediately into vapor and exits out the exhaust similar to driving on a rainy day.

What is the purpose of the methanol V.I.M. (Vapor Injector Mix) and how long does a pint last?

The reservoir measures 3½" × 5½" × 7½" and holds just under ½ gal. A full reservoir should last 1,000 to 1,500 miles. Methanol (wood) alcohol is mixed with water mainly to prevent freezing and lesser amounts used to keep the injector nozzle clean in non-freezing weather. The cost of the methanol is minimal because in all but the very coldest climates one gallon will last about 8,000 miles in below 18°F weather and 16,000 miles or more in all weather above 18°F. Sources of methanol are drug stores, paint supply stores, service stations, chemical supply houses and bottled gas companies. Substitutions are ethanol (grain) alcohol or other gas line antifreezes that contain methanol.

For purchase, or further information write or call Ft. Morgan Vapor-Jet® , 15160 Hwy 144, #7, Ft. Morgan, CO 80701, (303) 867-9320. Dealerships available. (offer void in Ca.)

I, enclose $29.95 + $3.00 postage and handling:

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Mastercard

☐ VISA ☐ C.O.D. Total _____

Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

60 day money back guarantee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Medical Nightmare

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

A FEW WEEKS back in this department we reviewed the plight of Budget Director David Stockman as he grappled with the dreaded "uncontrollables"—items in the federal budget that go up automatically, without any further action by Congress.

Among the most intractable of such programs are those disbursing billions of dollars for health care to the indigent and aged. Medicare and Medicaid between them now spend upward of $60 billion, as part of a rising national health outlay of better than $200 billion annually. Putting a cap on such expenditures is one of the biggest jobs confronting the new Administration and its team of budget-cutters.

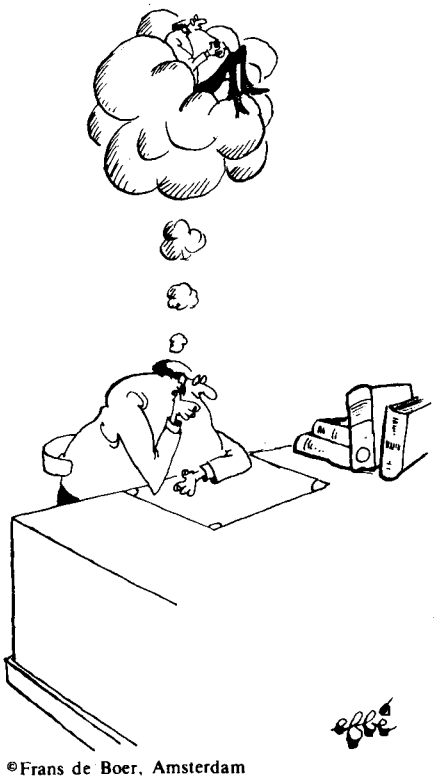
Although many commentaries suggest our recent binge of medical spending arose through some peculiar biogenesis in the health-care system, the cause of this problem is perfectly straightforward. It is third-party payment. Thanks to Medicare, Medicaid, and federal tax policies concerning employee health plans, the nation is awash in health insurance—to the point where 90 per cent of hospital bills, and 60 per cent of medical charges generally, are paid by someone other than the patient.

Free—for the Consumer

The result of this arrangement is to pump up demand for health-care services perceived as "free" by the consumer, while the bills are passed along to someone else for payment. Far from denying the usual laws of supply and demand, the behavior of health-care markets in this situation conforms to them exactly. It would be hard to imagine a system better designed to encourage massive resort to medical services, lavish spending to keep pace with demand, and a resulting enormous tab for health-care.

As it happens, no one in Washington understands the third-party problem better than David Stockman. As a member of the House of Representatives, he was eloquent and tireless in expounding the nature of this medical Bermuda Triangle, and in suggesting remedies that would correct the trouble at its source, rather than merely focusing on the symptoms. In fact, he left behind a legislative monument on this subject—the National Healthcare Reform Act, cosponsored with Representative Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.).

The object of such legislation, as Stockman put it when he was in Congress, "is to liberate health consumers from the policy-induced stupor that has reduced them to passive, indirect payers when by nature they are accomplished, resourceful shoppers. The stupor, of course, stems from federal health financing policies which make most Americans bearers of open-ended entitlements of health-care services. In the case of Medicare and Medicaid, these entitlements are subsidized at between 50 and 100 per cent, and in the case of the working population up to at least 25 per cent . . ."



©Frans de Boer, Amsterdam

The Stockman-Gephardt bill, now designated as HR-850, goes to the heart of the third party issue. Under present tax and subsidy policies, health insurance premiums are picked up by someone else—either the government or an employer. Since the policy is tax-free to the recipient, while the equivalent in cash income would be taxed, it generally pays to get as much insurance as possible. Since the employee gets no benefit from choosing a less expensive policy, the more lavish the plan, the better.

HR-850 would change all this. To qualify for tax exclusion under its provisions, health-care plans provided by employers would have to offer a series of options, ranging from basic coverage to more expensive multiple-benefit plans. If an employee chooses the low-cost option, he gets to pocket the money saved in the form of tax-free cash. If he chooses the most expensive plan, above and beyond the normal premium, he has to pay the difference out of pocket.

Versions

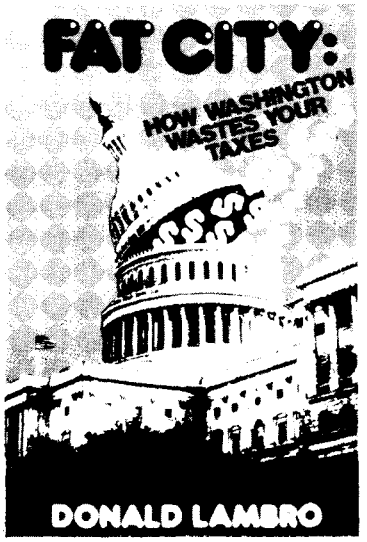
Versions of this approach, as noted here previously (October 12, 1979) have been offered by other legislators in the past; the Stockman-Gephardt bill is distinctive, though, in that it would apply the formula to Medicare and, eventually, to Medicaid—in essence, converting these programs to a system of medical vouchers and allowing the recipients to choose between the government-provided plan and alternatives generated by the market. Since such arrangements would permit the mix of benefits to be decided in a competitive marketplace of health providers, most of the existing rigmarole of health-care regulation—MSAs, PSROs, and so on—would be dismantled.

There are some glitches in the Stockman-Gephardt bill, particularly its provisions concerning "catastrophic" medical expenses. Recent research suggests that such a loophole could be the source of much more difficulty than previously imagined. Such provisions, however, are easily correctible and are of minimal significance compared to the innovative merits of the bill. This is by far the closest thing to an authentic "reform" of the health-care system that has yet appeared on Capitol Hill—and some version of it should eventually be adopted. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REGNERY GATEWAY. BOOKS FOR THE NEW MAJORITY.

SO IMPORTANT THE PRESIDENT TOLD HIS CABINET TO READ IT!



Clothbound $12.95

As reported by UPI, the Washington Post and the New York Daily News, President Ronald Reagan told his cabinet to read Columnist Donald Lambro's book. Then he gave each member a copy.

No wonder. FAT CITY: HOW WASHINGTON WASTES YOUR TAXES documents $100 billion in bureaucratic waste per year and shows where to cut 100 federal agencies & programs. It's the most talked about book in town.

Lambro "sets the pace for a long-delayed legislative dialogue toward enactment of reform and how we can restore economic growth without inflation..."

—Jack Kemp

"A comprehensive report on the extravagant, inefficient, and ineffective use of tax dollars by the federal government."

—William E. Simon

Fat City "... deserves a place on the bedstand of every Reagan administration appointee."

—Policy Review

"Donald Lambro claims at least $100 billion goes for programs our country could better do without; among the 100 he describes, we see few to mourn..."

—The Wall Street Journal

AVAILABLE IN BOOK STORES OR MAIL TO:

REGNERY GATEWAY, INC.
Book Publishers
116 South Michigan Avenue, Suite 300
Chicago, Illinois 60603

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa ☐ Card No. _____

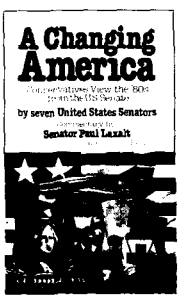
Signature as it appears on credit card: _____

Name _____

Address _____

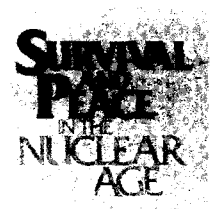
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send a complete catalogue.



Payment must accompany order.
Please send:

	Amount
A CHANGING AMERICA ____ copies @ $10.95/copy	_____
2.95/paper	_____
FAT CITY ____ copies @ $12.95/copy	_____
SURVIVAL & PEACE IN THE NUCLEAR AGE ____ copies @ $10.95/copy	_____
Illinois residents add 5%	_____
Add $1.50 for shipping and handling	_____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED	_____



Amount paid will be refunded if not completely satisfied and books are returned within 30 days of delivery.

A CHANGING AMERICA
The conservatives' platform for the '80s. Foreword by Ronald Reagan.
Edited by Senator Paul Laxalt.
$10.95 **Clothbound**
$ 2.95 **Paper**

SURVIVAL & PEACE IN THE NUCLEAR AGE
Laurence W. Beilenson
The book Ronald Reagan read before taking office. By noted American Historian, friend and Foreign Policy Advisor to the new President.
$10.95 **Clothbound**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Circles and a Hat

DAVID EVANIER

The Book of Laughter and Forgetting
By Milan Kundera
Knopf, 228 pp., $10.95

The Book of Laughter and Forgetting is not a novel (as advertised), unless everything is. On the other hand, its unifying themes, moral scope, and experimentation entitle it to respect on any level. It contains one fully realized, traditional story (the second of the two stories called "Lost Letters") and six other pieces, merging the personal and the political. They are written in many different modes within each piece: memoir, essay, surrealism, realism, fantasy, and meditation. This is a difficult, flawed, sometimes brilliant book. It breaks all the rules—which is as it should be. You cannot escape the realization that sometimes it is all too easy: note-taking or cerebration. But above all, Kundera is an artist of extraordinary skill.

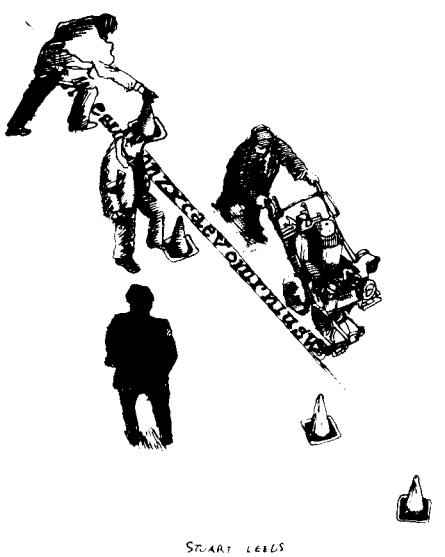
The author was expelled from the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia in 1950. He was reinstated later, and for ten years he taught at the Prague Film School, wrote poetry and criticism, published books, and grew into a major literary figure. The Prague Spring, in which he played an important role, came and went. Soviet tanks rolled into Prague on the night of August 20, 1968, and the occupation by 200,000 Russian and Warsaw Pact soldiers began. After the invasion, Kundera was expelled from the Party for the last time. He was fired from his teaching job, and forbidden to work at all (although he conducted an astrology column and forecast dire fates for particularly mean Communist officials who furtively sought astrological advice). His books were banished from bookstores and libraries.

It is not a new story, but Kundera burnishes the telling with the force of his personal, searing pain and his eloquence. He has previously published three novels of distinction, *The Joke*, *Life Is Elsewhere*, and *The Farewell Party*; and a book of short stories, *Laughable Loves*. The publication of *The Book of Laughter* and *Forgetting* in France in 1979 caused the Czech government to revoke his citizenship.

He describes himself and the rueful generation of the Prague Spring:

> And suddenly those young, intelligent radicals had the strange feeling of having sent something into the world, a deed of their own making, which had taken on a life of its own, lost all resemblance to the original idea, and totally ignored the originators of the idea. So those young intelligent radicals started shouting to their deed, calling it back, scolding it, chasing it, hunting it down. If I were to write a novel about that generation of talented radical thinkers, I would call it *Stalking a Lost Deed*.

Kundera's book revolves around the metaphors of a circle and a hat, and images of memory and laughter. It begins powerfully in February 1948 when a bare-headed Klement Gottwald, Czech Communist Party boss, steps out on a balcony to give an historic speech marking the consolidation of Communist rule. His comrade Clementis, standing next to him, is distressed that Gottwald is bare-headed in the falling snow and the cold. Clementis takes his own fur cap off and places it on Gottwald's head. It makes a great propaganda picture. Four years later, Clementis is charged with treason and hanged, and airbrushed out of all pictures:



> Ever since, Gottwald has stood on that balcony alone. Where Clementis once stood, there is only a bare palace wall. All that remains of Clementis is the cap on Gottwald's head.

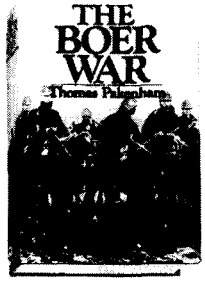
The cap incident is one of many variations and meditations on the theme of memory. The Communist regime's aim is to erase all memory:

> "The first step in liquidating a people," said Hubl [a Czech historian], "is to erase its memory. Destroy its books, its culture, its history. Then have somebody write new books, manufacture a new culture, invent a new history. Before long the nation will begin to forget what it is and what it was. The world around it will forget even faster."

J. Bryan III *is a freelance writer living in Virginia. . . .* **David Evanier** *is a poet, critic, short-story writer, and Fiction Editor of the* Paris Review. . . . **Alan L. Miller** *teaches school in Michigan and has contributed articles to* The New Republic, The American Spectator, *and* NR. . . . **James M. Rawley** *is an Air Force captain whose essays and poetry have appeared in* Commonweal, The Nation, Saturday Review, The Southern Poetry Review, *and* NR. . . . **J. O. Tate** *is a literary critic and professor of English at Dowling College in New York State.*

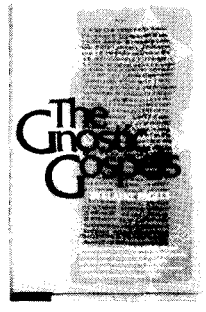
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The past is practically a present.



8466. **The Boer War.** *By Thomas Pakenham.* The romance of the late Victorian Empire and the last great imperial war. $20.00/**$12.50**

7849. **The Napoleonic Wars: An Illustrated History 1792-1815.** *By Michael Glover.* $22.50/**$12.95**



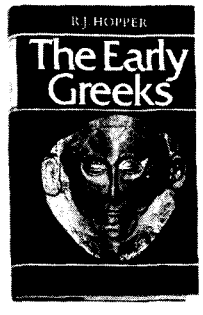
8938. **The Gnostic Gospels.** *By Elaine Pagels.* $10.00/**$8.50**

2089. **History of the World.** *By Hugh Thomas.* $17.95/**$11.95**

2170. **Lost Country Life.** *By Dorothy Hartley.* $14.95/**$9.90**

2162. **Fire and Water: A Life of Peter the Great.** *By Alex de Jonge.* $12.95/**$9.50**

8797. **The Orphan Brigade: The Kentucky Confederates Who Couldn't Go Home.** *By William C. Davis.* $12.95/**$9.50**



5504. **The Early Greeks.** *By R. J. Hopper* $25.00/**$13.00**

7286. **A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century.** *By Barbara Tuchman.* $15.95/**$9.95**

To introduce you to the past, we'd like to offer you a present now. We'll send you any 3 books listed here for just 99¢ when you take a fourth book at our low member's price, and agree to buy four more during the next year.

After you join, you'll have the opportunity to select from the nearly 200 works we offer each month. Our books are the equal of publisher's editions, never economy reprints.

During your first year, your total savings, including this introductory offer, can be more than 50%. And you can save even more on Bonus Books which you can pick from our entire list.

So join the club now. With savings like these, you'll get a glimpse of the past and a gift for the present.

TAKE ANY 3 ALL FOR 99¢.

Values up to $71.50 with trial membership.

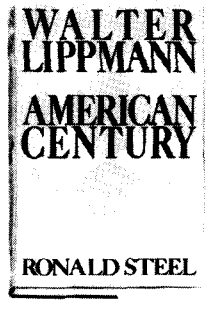
(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

Membership Benefits. Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our Review and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low member's prices, plus postage-and-packing.) If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

4648. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $12.50/**$8.75**

4788. **China's Imperial Past: An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture.** *By Charles O. Hucker.* $17.50/**$11.95**

3020. **American Myth, American Reality.** *By James Oliver Robertson.* An exploration of American myths as a reflection of our self-understanding. $16.95/**$11.95**



2667. **Walter Lippmann and the American Century.** *By Ronald Steel.* $19.95/**$13.95**

5207. **Plagues and Peoples.** *By William H. McNeill.* $10.00/**$7.75**

5462. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out of the Darkness.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $12.50/**$8.50**

8847. **Stonehenge and Its Mysteries.** *By Michael Balfour.* $14.95/**$9.90**

3046. **The Pope, His Banker, and Venice.** *By Felix Gilbert.* A fascinating study of diplomacy, war, business, and politics in Renaissance Europe. $12.50/**$9.50**

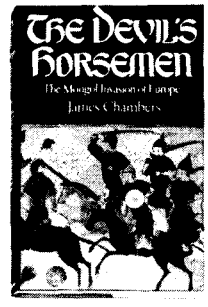
2428. **Romans and Aliens.** *By J.P.V.D. Balsdon.* $24.00/**$14.00**

2725. **The Days of the French Revolution.** *By Christopher Hibbert.* $12.95/**$9.95**

6585. **Stonewall in the Valley: T.J. 'Stonewall' Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Spring, 1862.** *By Robert G. Tanner.* $10.00/**$7.95**

7336. **People of the Lake: Mankind and its Beginnings.** *By Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin.* $10.95/**$8.95**

3244. **Alexander the Great.** *By Robin Lane Fox.* $15.00/**$9.95**



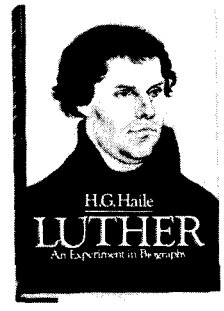
8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* The devastation of Eastern Europe and Russia during the 13th century. $11.95/**$8.95**

8417. **The Tower: The Tumultuous History of the Tower of London from 1078.** *By Derek Wilson.* $14.95/**$9.90**

7401. **History of Rome.** *By Michael Grant.* $17.50/**$11.50**

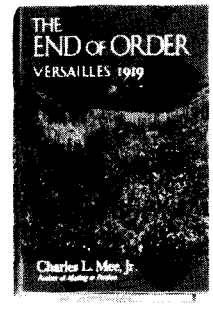
2956. **Germany: 1866-1945.** *By Gordon Craig.* $22.50/**$14.50**

8870. **The Battle for Gaul.** *By Julius Caesar. Translated by Anne and Peter Wiseman.* $15.95/**$11.50**



2790. **Luther: An Experiment in Biography.** *By H. G. Haile.* A questionning appraisal of the life and career of the mature Martin Luther. $14.95/**$10.50**

2980. **City People: The Culture of the Modern City in Nineteenth-Century America.** *By Gunther Barth.* $19.95/**$12.95**



2832. **The End of Order: Versailles 1919.** *By Charles L. Mee, Jr.* $15.95/**$10.95**

4143. **Russia Under the Old Regime.** *By Richard Pipes.* Analysis of 100 years of Russian growth. $17.50/**$10.95**

PP81C

The History Book Club, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within a year (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NV-89S

Print Name

Address Apt. No.

City

State Zip

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, Stamford, Conn. 06904

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the fine story, "Lost Letters," the heroine goes through heartbreakingly intricate efforts to smuggle out of Czechoslovakia the notebooks and pictures that recall her late husband to her:

> There she sits on a raft, looking back, looking only back. The sum total of her being is no more than what she sees in the distance behind her. And as her past begins to shrink, disappear, Tamina begins shrinking and blurring.

The metaphor of a circle haunts this book and its author. He sees its role in shaping all the utopian communal movements that have caused such havoc and evil, not only in his own country, but worldwide. He perceives it in embryo in all "progressive" movements, in the yearning to belong to an orderly, harmonious group that offers security and safety. He writes of "angels," whose laughter is the laughter of total meaning, which extinguishes individual freedom, and of "demons," whose laughter is the laughter of meaninglessness, which brings with it total despair and a different method of extinguishing freedom:

> World domination, as everyone knows, is divided between demons and angels. But the good of the world does not require the latter to gain precedence over the former (as I thought when I was young); all it needs is a certain equilibrium of power. If there is too much uncontested meaning on earth (the reign of the angels), man collapses under the burden; if the world loses all its meaning (the reign of the demons), life is every bit as impossible.

One of the most brilliantly corrosive scenes in the book involves the French poet Paul Eluard. On a day in June 1950, a Socialist, Milada Horakova, is hanged alongside Zavis Kalandra, a surrealist. Both were charged, as was everyone else, eventually, with plotting to overthrow the state. The people are celebrating the hangings in the streets. Kalandra's friend André Breton writes desperately to Eluard to save Kalandra:

> But Eluard was too busy dancing in the gigantic ring encircling Paris, Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, Sofia, and Athens, encircling all the socialist countries and all the Communist parties of the world; too busy reciting his beautiful poems about joy and brotherhood.
>
> And as I walked through the streets of Prague passing rings of laughing, dancing Czechs, I knew I belonged to Kalandra, not to them, to Kalandra who had also broken away from the circular trajectory and fallen, fallen, fallen right into a convict's coffin . . .
>
> They floated on, lifting first one leg, then the other, and down below—Prague with its cafés full of poets and its jails full of traitors, and in the crematorium they were just finishing off one Socialist representative and one surrealist, and the smoke climbed to the heavens like a good omen, and I heard Eluard's metallic voice intoning, *Love is at work it is tireless.* . . .

But it is the laughter of the angels that has doomed the writer to an eternal exile that he views with the passionate sorrow of a Solzhenitsyn:

> Because from the day they excluded me from the circle, I have not stopped falling, I am still falling, all they have done is give me another push to make me fall farther, deeper, away from my country and into the void of a world resounding with the terrifying laughter of the angels that covers my every word with its din.

When Kundera crosses the border to the West, he finds sadness and emptiness in the lives of the youth-obsessed culture, the "liberated" lifestyles that render sex an empty ritual devoid of personal contact and communion. The "progressives" are the objects of his scorn, a scorn softened by experience and a knowledge he cannot impart to them. The book concludes resonantly with another group of Westerners yearning for a circle: progressive nudists discussing "the hypocrisy of a society that cripples body and soul":

> . . . a man with an extraordinary paunch began developing the theory that Western civilization was on its way out and we would soon be freed once and for all from the bonds of Judaeo-Christian thought—statements Jan had heard ten, twenty, thirty, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand times before. . . . On and on the man talked. The others listened with interest, their naked genitals staring dully, sadly, listlessly at the yellow sand.

The compassion and irony at work here give universality to Kundera's prose. The messenger from hell arrives in paradise and finds the yawning inhabitants, sick with *ennui*, yearning to go in the other direction, in search of the controlling concept that will fill the voids of their lives. Kundera is saying this and much more, and not always successfully. His fragments of subtle autobiography, essays, dramatic sketches, political-documentary flights of surrealism and fantasy take a circuitous route, arriving at a unity of thought and feeling. Flawed or flawless, this book is literature. □

The Radiant Future
By Aleksandr Zinoviev
Random House, 282 pp., $13.95

'ONG VE COM NISM!'

J. O. TATE

If *The Radiant Future* seems a gloss on Benda's *La Trahison des clercs*, then Zinoviev's speaker appears to be a devastating portrait of the author as an intellectual damned by his own bad faith. The speaker is a professional Marxist philosopher who likes to talk with his dissident friends. Aleksandr Zinoviev's career in the Soviet Union took him to the Institute of Philosophy of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Moscow, where he once held the Chair of Logic. But the Swiss publication of *The Yawning Heights* in 1976 led to his eventual exile. Leonid Brezhnev, that astute critic, signed a decree revoking Zinoviev's citizenship for "behavior damaging to Soviet prestige." Aleksandr Zinoviev now lives in West Germany, where we may expect that savage indignation still lacerates his heart.

The Radiant Future developed from parts of *The Yawning Heights* which detached themselves in the process of publication. The later, smaller volume, though held together by the force of ideas and the semblance of a plot (a study of the guilty narrator, as well as his environment), can sometimes be as tedious as the first. It must be so. The subject is a midden-heap of abstractions. Zinoviev is not the first to struggle with the problem of representing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

routine, boredom, and disillusion. The brave reader will persevere. The anatomy of banality, of clichés, of orotund periphrases, of monumental mendacities is worth the pain of the instruction. And the lesson should be construed as a universal one, I think. The proper object of satire is the folly of all humankind; the ostensible subject of Zinoviev's satire may be the Soviet system, but his representation of lies, mediocrity, and hypocrisy has applications capable of the broadest translation.

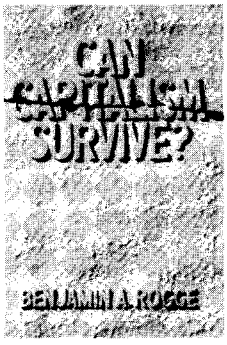
The Radiant Future takes its title from a gigantic slogan "erected at the request of the workers" where the Avenue of Marxism-Leninism meets Cosmonaut Square: "Long Live Communism—The Radiant Future of All Mankind." This shoddy construction begins to disintegrate as soon as it is put up (reading " ong ve com nism"); it later becomes a trysting place for the lovelorn young and a home for the local alcoholics. "Next, a particular sort of young woman began to frequent the area around the Slogan. The word 'Radiant' became a center of drug-trafficking, and the word 'Communism' was soon taken over almost completely by homosexuals. . . . The Slogan became a seat of debauchery 24 hours a day. It became the haunt of foreigners, speculators in currency and, of course, informers."

The other major presence is a rag-picking Soviet bag lady, "the Old Boozer." The narrator/protagonist cannot quite understand why he identifies with and even dreams of her, but we recognize her as his second self. As a Marxist academic, he is a rag-picker himself. His social drinking is only more respectable than that of the Old Boozer.

The rest of the text is mostly reflection and dialogues with various characters, the most important of whom the speaker twice betrays. *The Radiant Future* may be seen as a dystopia like *1984*, or, more appropriately, Zamyatin's *We* —with a difference. Orwell's and Zamyatin's names are in the text; they are the objects of the characters' consciousnesses. "The radiant future" has already happened! Zinoviev transcribes a "glorious present."

The text is also "aware" of Solzhenitsyn. Zinoviev suggests that a direct, logical rebuttal of Soviet philosophy also has the weakness of ideological obsession and only plays into the hands of the Party hacks; the approach he prefers may be described as phenomeno-

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Can Capitalism Survive?

By Benjamin A. Rogge

Penetrating, witty, and wise prescriptions for our day, by the late Distinguished Professor of Political Economy at Wabash College. Rogge explores the prospects for capitalism, the philosophy of freedom, the nature of economics, and what must be done to ensure the survival of capitalism and free institutions.
"Provocative"—*Library Journal*.
"Delightful"—*Personal Finance*.
"Well-reasoned, gracefully written, and gently humorous"—*National Review*.
Hardcover $9.00, Paperback $3.50.

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. *All* orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid. To order, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. C26
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *Debacle: The American Failure in Iran* (Knopf, $14.95), Michael Ledeen and William Lewis assert that President Carter was grossly culpable in failing to grasp the degree of ferocity of the Islamic revolution, in failing to perceive the weakness of the dying Shah, and in his own vacillating and contradictory policies.

Robert Brustein's *Making Scenes: A Personal History of the Turbulent Years at Yale, 1966-1979* (Random House, $15) concerns the author's tenure as dean of the Yale School of Drama and director of the Yale Repertory Theater. . . . C. Vann Woodward has edited a volume of the unexpurgated and delightful diaries of Mary Chesnut, the wife of a Confederate general. They are being published under the title of *Mary Chesnut's Civil War* (Yale, $29.95). . . . *Letters to His Family: An Autobiography* (Stein & Day, $25), edited by Percy M. Young and translated by Galina von Meck, is the first English-language edition of the correspondence of Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.

■ SOME MAY TITLES: Tom Wolfe's new book, *Underneath the I-Beams* (Farrar, $10.95), is an illustrated sequel to *The Painted Word*, in which the author takes on Modern Architecture in America.

Love, Here Is My Heart (Harcourt, $10.95), by Diana Trilling, is an examination of the Harris-Tarnower murder case, in which Jean Harris was recently found guilty of second-degree murder for the shooting of the Scarsdale Diet doctor.

A Life in Our Times (Houghton, $15.95), by John Kenneth Galbraith, is the liberal economist's memoirs (are *his* times, by the way, still *our* times?).

James Reston Jr. argues, in *Our Father Who Art in Hell* (Times, $14.95), that the pageant of Jim Jones and his People's Temple sprang in the 1970s from disillusionment caused by the nonfulfillment of the dreams and promises of the 1960s. One, two, many Columbias—and on to Jonestown. —CW

logical. One of his characters says, "When Solzhenitsyn criticizes Marxism and individual facts of Soviet life, he fails to see all the horrifying normality of Communism." Another character puts it differently: "Marxism is the ideology of the most mediocre section of society, created for that section and by that section. It is the quintessence of mediocrity. A boring, unaesthetic ideology. An ideology of oppressors created for oppressors. And for the oppressed as well." Could the familiar human mediocrity that Zinoviev delineates be not the result of Communism but its cause?

Tamurka, the speaker's cynical second wife, says,

> . . . if you've got any ideas of attacking the system . . . don't behave like these idiotic dissidents. They spend all their time debating all these high-flown ideas like freedom of speech, creative individuality, and the right to emigrate, and never a word about what really matters—that there isn't a sausage worthy of the name in the shops.

Neither is Tamurka's mother hagridden by abstractions:

> Back home, she switched on our color television at full volume and watched with growing interest as Robert Rylov, the center forward of the ice-hockey team "Dawn of Communism," devoted himself to breaking the ribs of the center half from the team "Yjavakharlalpakhtakairatkor." From time to time she uttered war cries like "The puck, you loon!" "Get stuck in, you fucker!" "Get him by the balls, Bob!" and so on. When Rylov finally bundled both the puck and the goalminder into the back of the net, mother-in-law almost hit the ceiling, and began to chant in her cracked soprano: "Only real men play at hockey! They don't let cowards on the ice!" . . . I simply couldn't stand any more of this. I clutched my head (which was stuffed full of categories of dialectical and historical materialism), and rushed to Tamurka in the kitchen.
>
> "Please, I beg you, can't you do something to calm down this . . . this . . . your dear mama? Here I am trying to do some creative work!"
>
> "Well create as much as you like," said Tamurka calmly. "She's not stopping you. What's she done? The television? Well, you can calm your daughter down for a start. She spends all day and every day playing these idiotic negro records as loud as she can. The police have already been round. I only got myself out of it by threatening to report them to their superiors: what right have they got to be hostile to our brilliant foreign policy toward the nations of Africa? If they don't like it, they can lump it! That's what I told them. And if you don't like it, you can push off to your bit of fluff."

In dialectical colloquies which would have seemed idiomatic to Lucian and Rabelais (who were perhaps more fortunate in their translators), Swift and Lewis Carroll, we learn that "Internationalism is when a Russian, a Georgian, a Ukrainian, a Chuvash, an Uzbek, and all the rest get together to go out to beat up a Jew." We are told that "[Soviet] Liberalism is merely attenuated Stalinism." Aleksandr Zinoviev's text is a testimony to his wit and will: his works are now surreptitiously read in Moscow. He knows as well as anyone else alive that "it's all words, words, words. What exists is an implacable reality." □

Walt Whitman
By Justin Kaplan
Simon & Schuster, 432 pp., $15

DEAD OAK WITH MOSS

JAMES M. RAWLEY

There is more truth than poetry in Justin Kaplan's *Walt Whitman: A Life*, which is a serious fault. Kaplan researches meticulously, has a fine sense of structure and the effortlessly evocative style of a practiced intellectual journalist. He sticks to the facts. He would never say of Whitman what Whitman said of himself: "I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-wash'd babe, and am not contained between my hat and boots." His Whitman is very definitely contained within the events of the poet's life. If it were not for the quotes from *Leaves of Grass* which Kaplan sprinkles throughout his book, like seasoning, the reader would never know what was so wonderful in the man Kaplan was writing about.

Even the sprinkles are suspect. Kaplan sneers at the English biographer Henry Bryan Binns, whose "method was to accept as literal, truth-bound testimony lines by a poet who represents himself elsewhere in *Leaves of Grass* as growing up in Virginia and Texas and hunting polar bears in Alaska." Kaplan does not make so great an error as this, but he makes the subtler one of reading back into Whitman's poetry information gathered from outside it.

For example, the record of letters, conversations, and photographs shows

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plainly (Kaplan is impeccable at this kind of detective work) that Whitman was in love with many young men toward whom he acted as an affectionate older brother, in an age which allowed such affection to include long kisses and visual enjoyment of one another's bodies. Whitman stopped short enough of sexual intimacy so as always to be unclear about his own motives, and Kaplan describes his buffeted uncertainty with surgical skill. But he says the poem cluster, "Live Oak with Moss," is "an act of self-exploration and in the end a recognition of his homosexuality at least as desire if not fulfillment. It is Whitman's poetry, and not any overt acts one can point to, that defines his nature."

Would Whitman misrepresent the events of his life in his poetry, and not misrepresent his nature? The point is very difficult to check.

Kaplan describes "Children of Adam," which celebrates heterosexual love, as untrustworthily rhetorical. Would that be so certain if Whitman's sexual nature were not known from other sources?

There is no excuse for this sort of sham textual analysis—but if Kaplan does not read his deductions back into Whitman's poetry, then he will have little reason to quote it, and if he does not quote it, no one will be able to feel Whitman's importance. These are the horns of the biographer's dilemma.

READING him, therefore, especially on pages where quotes from Whitman's verse are plentiful, one is constantly forced into an uncomfortable kind of spiritual gear-shifting. On encountering a passage like this—

> His army outnumbered by three to one on the sun-baked plains of Buena Vista, Zachary Taylor, agent of manifest destiny, flung back the enemy general's demand for surrender—"Tell him to go to hell!" . . . Continentalism and Union were to shape Whitman's poetic vision. "*(I am large, I contain multitudes.)*"

—the reader must remind himself not to follow up the quote, not to remember "Song of Myself," from its early lines,

> *Undrape! you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,*
> *I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no,*
> *And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless, and cannot be shaken away,*

until the lines more than a thousand verses later,

> *(Talk honestly, no one else hears you, and I stay only a minute longer.)*
> *Do I contradict myself?*
> *Very well then I contradict myself,*
> *(I am large, I contain multitudes.)*

For what does this incredible mystic spokesman have to do with Zachary Taylor, with Continentalism, with Union, or with Manifest Destiny? In fact, what does he have to do with Whitman's own external life, which was far from inspiring?

Kaplan depicts the external Whitman well: a capable journalist; a moderately scurrilous political pamphleteer; a man opposed to slavery yet, like many Northerners, a racist; a repressed homosexual who made an excellent nurse for the Civil War wounded, and who vivified a tradition of Lincoln-worship that has never died; a man who, influenced by Emerson and other contemporaries' demand for a first-rate production of American genius, found in his mid-thirties that he was producing such a work, and knew by the time he was forty that he had produced it, though he added poems to it until his death.

It is a measure of Kaplan's failure to make *Leaves of Grass* a real character in his narrative that Whitman appears as little more than a charming charlatan in his efforts to acquire the literary reputation he deserved. Since the biographer also pokes fun at the snobbery and prudery of the nineteenth century Eastern establishment, both Whitman and his era seem generally denigrated.

Kaplan is far better at dealing with surface phenomena. His description of the awkward first meeting of Whitman and Thoreau, at which both men were put off by appearances, is engrossing and alive. Some of his background descriptions, too, show that he has learned from Whitman's verse without marring the rhythmic integrity of his own well-tuned prose:

> [Whitman] liked to watch the shad boats, rowed by twenty black men, making slow circuits in the river and paying out their seines. In [a friend's public house] the cooks split and boned the shad, fastened them to scrubbed oak boards with silver nails, broiled and basted them with butter in front of an open coal fire.

Walt Whitman has the merits and faults of a good photograph (there are many good photographs of Whitman in it). It is vivid, accurate, and impressive; only at intervals do we see that it lacks a soul. □

Southerners: A Journalist's Odyssey
By Marshall Frady
New American Library, 385 pp., $13.95

TRUE ACCOUNTS

ALAN L. MILLER

To accept the facile generalization that the South is a gaggle of jackanapeses, buffoons, and moronic caricatures of Snopesian proportions is to misunderstand the complexity of a region that is less a geographical entity than a state of mind. No one captures that essence more effectively than Marshall Frady. The Atlanta-based journalist writes with a sweep that transcends the boundaries of simple description. He is simultaneously chronicler, philosopher, and poet—melding the subtlety of literary allusion with a jeweler's eye for human imperfections. His 1968 biography of George Wallace remains a masterpiece. *Southerners* is no less brilliant.

Culled from his magazine articles of the last two decades, these 18 full-length profiles present Frady at the peak of his considerable form. Whether the subject of his scrutiny is a celebrated congressman or a faceless country attorney, Frady's intensity of observation both illuminates and informs.

His authenticity is hardly accidental. Born and bred a Southerner, Frady explains the vividness of that experience in a "personal preliminary" which is the emotional reference for all that follows.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reflecting upon his temporary departure from the physical surroundings of his youth, he reminds:

> I had not really left anything. There was actually no leaving it ever. For anyone assiduously raised a Southern Baptist, it will always be there. Most of all he can never spirit himself beyond that sweltering, heaving gaslit moral dramaturgy of guilt and redemption, of struggle, suffering, and grace. It will continue to haunt him, to lurk in his life and work like the distant steaming of a robust and unabashed calliope.

How delicious are his descriptions of the political landscape of 1976. Here is the "Technician from Plains" whose "utterings came out strangely awry in nuance and aptness; there seemed in him peculiar misrhymings of moods, awkward asymmetries and disjunctions." Or witness Senator Fred Harris, whose primary campaign resembled "the slightly daft and whistly eccentricity of Peter the Hermit's crusade." Here was "a hefty, swart boar of a man" who, in speaking before a stylish set of Detroit suburbanites, "brought the burly pig-eyed ferocity of some warty back-country Oklahoma sheriff, the brutish heats of a red-dirt demagogue."

FRADY'S historical perspective on the Longs of Louisiana offers a blend of ridicule for their silliness and sympathy for the nobility of their honest intentions. So it is for Wilbur Mills, whose self-destruction is portrayed within the bittersweet context of a "Blue Angel" syndrome. There was a fleeting moment in 1972 when he was considered a presidential possibility, yet, "as the bloom rapidly paled from the brief small bud of his candidacy, he must have glimpsed now for the first time glimmers of the burlesque in that distant aspiration of his—and that he would never really be more than what he had been for the past thirty years." For, the author concludes, Mills had, "in an age of romantic politics, all the electricities and mystery of a pension-fund manager." Hence would he suddenly plummet from the staid course of his career on the Hill and become an object of public ridicule and congressional censure.

The manner in which Frady fuses his subjects with their ancestral origins is vaguely poetic. Mendel Rivers

> seemed curiously to alternate between imperiousness and abjectness; he had a disposition somewhat like South Carolina low-country weather in August, uncertain and mercurial, a play of honeyed sunshine and sullen clouds, gusting dust and heat lightning, as muggily sentimental at times as those warm nights flushed with gardenias and coming rain.

Senator Sam Ervin appeared as the "Druid of the proceedings" of Watergate, receding

> back into the quiet of his origins in North Carolina's highland country, just where the land begins to lift and ripple toward the distant dim immensity of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with patches of sweet corn on steeply tilted slopes behind frail hillside houses and a faint clinking of belled cows in the low laps of daisy-freckled meadows.

Concluding his "personal preliminary," Frady speaks movingly of the original impulse of the author "to move people with true accounts, as you have been moved in reading, with the courage or folly or gentleness that is there in the story." Should, he adds, the author be able to quicken the reader's pulse or enhance his conception "of the strange and sweet and varied fugue of human experience, then perhaps that is a value in itself at least equal to the gentlemanly values." □

Social Justice in the Liberal State
By Bruce Ackerman
Yale, 392 pp., $17.50

THE ARISTOCRACY OF YAK

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This book represents an ancient dream: to provide unassailable philosophical foundations for one's own class prejudices. It's easy to scoff, of course, and Clifford Orwin has already inflicted on this book the scoff to end all scoffs, by observing that Columbus has sailed bravely forth and discovered Genoa. Which is to say, Bruce Ackerman has discovered profound reasons for holding just the sort of position you'd expect of a Yale professor, especially if you've read *God and Man at Yale*.

Social Justice in the Liberal State: with a title like that you look for real criticism of "social justice," a bit of irony toward the "liberal state." No such thing. Ackerman means it.

He wastes no time missing the point. On the second page of his text he announces his cardinal principle: that everyone must always be prepared to give a reason legitimizing his power. This principle he calls the "Rationality requirement." It would seem to give the inside track to the fast talkers, and in fact we later find that those who lack "dialogic" skills don't qualify as citizens in the liberal state (where liberal citizens decide how to dispose of mute types like fetuses and infants). Ackerman seems unaware of the distinction made by John Henry Newman, that everyone has a reason, though not everyone can give one.

Ackerman's real, probably willful er-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ror here, though, lies in a specious attempt at even-handedness: he says that the Rationality principle will help us avoid two kinds of "partial critique," namely "the blindness of the partisan of laissez-faire who fails to recognize that the private-property owner must legitimate his power no less than the government bureaucrat" and "the blindness of the Communist who avoids this first mistake only to insulate the power of Party leaders from the test of dialogue."

Here are broad clues to our author's own commitments: the Communist at least avoids the pitfall which the laissez-faire advocate "fails to recognize": the Communist is therefore Ackerman's kindred spirit, though he, even he, will be sternly spoken to later, liberalism being superior even to Communism, its value commitments being less gauche.

But the real key is the word "power." Owning something is equated—quickly, no questions asked, moving briskly past the difficulty—with holding power over persons. Having a car is no different, in principle, from having a slave. Ackerman's state will make a distinction, but the Rationality principle doesn't: holding anything makes you vulnerable before the tribunal of dialogue. Everything, in short, is up for grabs, and the distribution will rest with the aristocracy of Yak.

Ackerman's affinity to the Communist, far from being conspiratorial, is probably unconscious. As with many educated people, it seems more precise to say he has been initiated into a set of attitudes than trained to think. What thinking he does comes behind to back up the attitudes, which are approximately socialist.

IGOR SHAFAREVICH points out that socialism always aims at social homogenization, and that it trains its sights on three targets: property, family, religion. Though Ackerman professes (sincerely, I'm afraid) to regard variety as a social desideratum, his utopia would obviously require a pureed humanity. We have seen his view of property. As for the family, "the problem with the public schools is *not* that they are insufficiently responsive to parental views but that they are *already* overly concerned with reinforcing, rather than questioning, the child's primary culture. Somehow [Milton] Friedman assumes that children can be legitimately made the subjects of moral indoctrination so long as the people doing the indoctrinating are called 'parents.'"

And religion? Ackerman makes little jibes about "unmediated conversations with the spirit world," but of course can't take religion seriously. Except as a threat: he warns time and again about those who arrogantly claim to speak for God, but says nothing about those who try humbly to listen *to* God, there being, as far as the liberal state is concerned, no God to listen to. The liberal state is value-neutral, ergo agnostic.

I can understand out-and-out atheism, but agnosticism is beyond me. How can you say you don't know whether there is a God or what He might be like, but insist that, in any case, no God could ever be capable of communicating with man? That a power might be infinite, almighty, omniscient, and so forth, but could never find a way to speak to His creatures? That we must close our minds against the very idea? How, if God is unknowable, can one minor attribute of deity be so definitely specified? Such talk comes, pretty surely, from those who aren't about to open any mail postmarked in Heaven: they obviously wouldn't *welcome* a divine communication.

But I digress. The function of Ackerman's system is to put everyone on the defensive before the "liberal" state. Clergymen can shut up. Parents and property owners had better have some good excuses handy, because the liberal state is there to protect children and non-owners from their "power." Of course that state would have its own power to account for, and Ackerman is clearly ready to permit, graciously, the retention of certain parental and proprietary claims.

It wouldn't be a socialist state in the bloody sense, just a bureaucratic state where the presumptions (no matter what Ackerman says) would be in favor of organized coercive power, as against those independent bases: family, church, property. Pretty much, in fact, along the lines of what we were getting until November. He's so far out of touch with reality he may have voted for Jimmy Carter. □

FILM

OF FORCE AND FINESSE

JOHN SIMON

To conclude our discussion of *Raging Bull*: the film is technically Martin Scorsese's most accomplished work to date, and Michael Chapman's black-and-white photography his best yet. But even the cinematography is trendy in its currently favored "honest" monochrome, as well as in its brief espousal of grainy color for interpolated home-movie sequences of the La Mottas' early, fleeting conjugal bliss. (I am sorry to say that even Bergman has succumbed to this sort of thing in his latest, *From the Life of the Marionettes*.)

I am thoroughly convinced by Scorsese when he conveys to me—through tight shots, hand-held camera, fast editing, visual blurs, heightened or vanishing sound, and the obtuse spondees of blows—what it feels like to be battered senseless; I am even more impressed when he gleans a novel insight: how frayed the ropes of the ring have become from bodies that have scraped against them—with the implication of what the ropes, which surely fought back, must have done to those bodies. But when Scorsese tries to tell me something about people—assuming he has any ideas on that subject—even the most polished technique amounts to no more than a stammer.

Raging Bull does not even communicate what the rage of this bull is about—why he is so preternaturally jealous (even for a street-bred Italian) of his faithful wife, why he will turn even on his loyal and helpful brother, how he works out his eventual salvation—if that is what it is. Putting a prestigious but irrelevant biblical quotation on a final title card is merely a hollow gesture, an intellectual rabbit punch. And for all the good acting from the entire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cast (especially Joe Pesci as the devoted but uncloying brother) the film finally misses out because of blindness and deafness to human meaning.

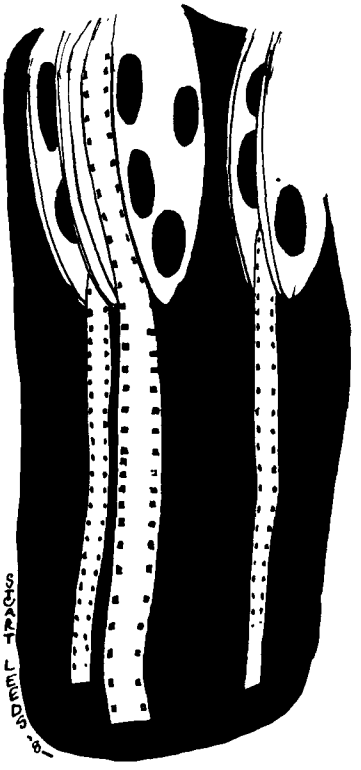
One final example: throughout, we get obsessive reiteration of one gross participle, which here emerges as midway between "foaking" and "focking." This Homeric epithet—which, alas, is not allowed to nod for a moment—is meant, I suppose, as a secular litany, a ritual assertion of toughness and savvy. But its thump, more persistent than that of leather on bone, soon becomes an indictment of minds incapable even of invention in obscenity. An ironic comment by the film-makers? Certainly not, in a film whose entire comment is "No comment."

EASILY THE MOST distinguished film of the year just past—except for the equally Australian but somewhat deeper and more original *Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*—is Bruce Beresford's *Breaker Morant*. This is a far finer work than most of the other specimens of the current Australian renaissance (or, rather, *naissance*), and one that greatly transcends its shopworn genre, the court-martial picture.

Breaker Morant is based on historical events, adhered to closely down to some of the pepperiest bits of its always pungent dialogue. At the ragged, dying end of the Boer War, Lieutenant Harry "Breaker" Morant (an Englishman, but adoptive Australian) finds himself in command of the Bushveldt Carbineers, a commando unit entangled in guerrilla fighting, "a new kind of war for a new century." Captain Hunt, the previous commander, has been captured in a Boer ambush, and killed only after being brutally mutilated. Morant, his friend and intended brother-in-law, proceeds to execute Boer prisoners who surrender. Of course, he is only following Lord Kitchener's directive—carefully not committed to paper—to take no more prisoners. But he goes farther: he orders the shooting of a German minister friendly to the Boers and instrumental in the aforesaid ambush.

Germany, which has been threatening to make joint cause with the Boers, demands retribution; a peace treaty is in sight, but a propitiatory sacrifice is called for. A court-martial in Pietersburg must bring a guilty verdict against Morant and his two Australian aides: jolly, uneducated, womanizing but decent Lieutenant Handcock, and naïve, goody-goody, hero-worshipping young Lieutenant Witton. The three are assigned as their defender an inexperienced Australian back-country lawyer, Major Thomas, who, moreover, has only one day to prepare his defense. The prosecutor is dashing, experienced Major Bolton. (Incisive performances by Jack Thompson and Rod Mullinar, respectively.) The chief judge is a fine old blunted martinet, determined to see justice done in. The four other judges are not so predictable. Most of those who might testify for the defendants have been transferred to India ("Recall them," says Morant, "I am willing to wait"); several men whom Morant has justly punished for misdemeanors are spoiling to testify for the prosecution.

Australia has just become a commonwealth nation; to prove its decolonialized gratitude to the Crown it is only too willing to wash its hands of three troublemakers. Morant, Handcock, and Witton are now totally at the mercy of British *Realpolitik*, and, despite a brilliant defense by Major Thomas and supportive testimony from the intelligence officer, Captain Taylor (John Waters, and very good)—who, however, will himself have to stand trial, and who is *merely* Anglo-Irish—they are clearly doomed. Yet even in this rigged trial, two of the judges are for acquittal—particularly because, in the middle of the proceedings, the Boers attack the British camp in Pietersburg and the three defendants, armed for the occasion, help defend it with signal bravery—but, on the chief judge's tie-breaking vote, they are found guilty. Witton, because of his youth, gets his death sentence commuted to life imprisonment (of which, in the event, he served only three years); the other two get the firing squad, which they face with magnificent courage and humor; Morant has even turned down a chance to escape.



I cannot begin to convey the many and various excellences of this film. At no point, for instance, does it try to play on our sentiments; its biting, moving, or devastating statements are made with brief, matter-of-fact, even funny remarks, or with mere looks. Beresford is especially astute in his use of reaction shots (which, however, he is just as likely to omit, reducing the other person to a sufficient voice): of angry, sardonic, or malevolent glances exchanged; of quick gushes of feeling squelched even more swiftly; of bleeding logic strangled with a juridical tourniquet.

CAMERA placement, camera movement, and editing are so resourceful that they can put drama into the mere routine of the prisoners being led into the dingy courtroom. But when the three officers are brought, one by one, before the chief judge to hear the verdict, the camera movements and angles manage to play variations that project the event into higher dramatic reaches: the takes are shorter, the point of view more quickly shifting, contrasts in light and dark more suggestive. Note the way the older officers communicate their death sentences to the reeling Witton, quickly and flatly, as they are being marched past his cell; or the sudden, somehow different, use of extreme close-up as each prisoner faces the judge. Such sequences could be done justice to only through frame-by-frame analysis.

Beresford has taken a mediocre play by Kenneth Ross and turned it, with Jonathan Hardy and David Stevens, into a first-rate script. This is by far the best adaptation from stage to screen I have ever encountered. The play has been "opened up," with both flashbacks to guerrilla fighting in the veldt and current events taking place elsewhere around Pietersburg, or in Kitchener's headquarters, or even (in dreams) in England and Australia. These scenes are fitted seamlessly, at just the right place

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and moment, into the trial scenes, without diminishing the claustrophobia, the tension, the cumulative buildup that the latter require. One can only marvel at such a wedding of force and finesse.

There is masterly understatement throughout. When Handcock (superbly played by Bryan Brown) writes a farewell letter to his wife, we see him only from the back: the clumsy tenderness of the letter speaks for itself. When Morant (a complex fellow—poet, scholar, journalist, as well as horse breaker and soldier—captured in all his manifoldness by Edward Woodward) is given a chance to escape and "see the world," a whole world is compressed into his laconic answer, "I've seen it." When the condemned officers leave the presence of the unjust judge, they are reflected in his spectacles in duplicate, quietly symbolizing his corrupt double vision. When Morant and Handcock go to their deaths hand in hand, Morant's shirt is neatly cuff-linked, Handcock's unbuttoned: different personalities, worn on their sleeves, but united in friendship and death.

The shooting of the German minister is shown in extreme long shot, which, against the endless landscape, makes the event seem small and impersonal. But it is there. In the original play, the Australians were whitewashed; Beresford shows them in their full fallibility, but still human; the failure of the tribunal and the powers behind it, however, is inhuman. The shot on which the court-martial ends is splendid: the camera pulls back slightly, losing both the judges and the defendants; an overhanging beam makes the image discomfitingly trapezoidal, and leaves us with the prosecutor staring vacantly ahead, the defense counsel dejectedly down at his papers. Even at the end, the opposing points of view do not connect. Morant's ironic rejection of religion before dying, and Handcock's sweet espousal of this "paganism" after the meaning of the word is explained to him, are tremendously moving; so is Morant's calmly sarcastic request for his epitaph: "Matthew X:36." When Thomas asks the minister what this is, he is told: "And a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

I could have done without Major Thomas's excessive bumbling when he begins his defense, and without the British patriotic song heard ironically at the end. Otherwise, in a kind of movie fraught with pitfalls, Beresford makes

"'Wealth and Poverty' should serve the Reagan administration as a guide to what can be done....Rich at every level."—*William F. Buckley, Jr.*

This major new work lays out, in precise and documented form, the social as well as economic grounding for the "supply-side" economics of the Reagan administration. "Promethean in its intellectual power and insight...it shatters once and for all the Keynesian and welfare state illusions that burden the failed conventional wisdom of our era."
—David Stockman, Director, U.S. Office of Management and Budget

"A bold example of intellectual entrepreneurship and ideological risk-taking.... The book of 1981."
—Jude Wanniski, New York Magazine

WEALTH AND POVERTY
George Gilder

4th printing
$16.95 at bookstores, or
direct from the publisher
BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street
New York, NY 10022

Shōgun Passage

You've read the book, seen the movie, now see where the real life drama of Shōgun took place.
Here's what James Clavell, author of Shōgun says about this tour, "...for anyone with an interest in Japan—or my book—this Shōgun Passage Tour sounds wonderful."

You'll spend 14 exciting days visiting the places in the Shōgunate period including Tokyo, Ito, Atami, Kyoto, Osaka, Nagasaki, Hirado, Sasebo, Unzen, Shimabara, Kumamoto, Aso, and Beppu. Deluxe and First Class hotels, most meals included, all tours fully escorted. $2,363.

Prices based on double occupancy and APEX fare from the West Coast and are subject to change. Additional charge for June–October peak season.

CALL TOLL-FREE
800-835-2246* EXT. 145
For free tour information, see your travel agent, or mail this coupon today.
Japan Air Lines, P.O. Box 10618
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101 LN0381

Dear JAL:
You and James Clavell have convinced me. Please rush your Shōgun Passage Tour information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
*Continental U.S. only. In Kansas dial: 800-362-2421

JAL HAPPY HOLIDAYS
JAPAN AIR LINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no false moves. The film, so full of wit to the very end, wrings the heart and stirs up the mind without ever raising its voice. The terrible story is merely, as someone says, "a sideshow of the war." □

FAUNA

FINE FEATHERS

J. BRYAN III

Prince Aly Khan has lived with us for 15 years now. Most of the time he has been a considerate guest, asking only to be fed plentifully and regularly. True, he permits us no intimacy; when we approach him, fawning, murmuring flatteries, His Highness simply strides away, haughtily, without even a nod of acknowledgment. And true, his toilet-training must have been perfunctory at best, as our blobbed terrace betrays. But these are petty foibles, easy to forgive in so handsome a fellow, so gorgeously robed. Even after 15 years, the sight of Aly in full plumage brings back half-forgotten scraps of poetry: Keats's "golden, green, and blue" and Coleridge's "blue, glossy green, and velvet black."

The Oriental splendor of his robes inspired our name for him—that, and the frivolous echo of "Peacock Alley." His proud crest would adorn a Mogul warrior-king. His throat is armored by an iridescent gorget of sapphires, and his shoulders by a pauldron of gold plates and emeralds; and when he fluffs out his neck feathers and spreads his tail and stalks about, spraddle-legged and rustling his quills, he is a fearsome figure indeed. Our Labradors think so; they cringe when they have to pass him close by. (Strictly, that wide, shimmering, bronze-blue-brown fan is not his tail at all, but his upper tail coverts; the tail feathers proper are short and drab.)

In only two respects is he downright ugly: his feet and his voice. Allah inflicted them on the peacock family (turkeys, guineas, pheasants, etc.) as a punishment, because

To paradise, the Arabs say,
Satan could never find his way
Until a peacock let him in

—whereupon Satan disguised himself as a serpent and tempted Eve. Our Bible ignores the allegation, but I find significance in the fact that it mentions the eagle 26 times, the dove 25, and the humble sparrow five, but the peacock only three.

Their treachery would disqualify peacocks for worship, you would think, but they are sacred in parts of their native India, Java, and Ceylon; they may have been first domesticated through being fed at temples. Don't interpret "domesticated" as "tamed." Aly will come when I call him (sometimes) and he will eat from my hand, but he won't let me stroke him or even touch him. There is no question of teaching him tricks; he is utterly uncooperative. I don't care. Watching him roll over on command would be like watching Lorenzo the Magnificent turn somersaults in court regalia.

DESPITE Aly's scaly, scratchy feet, he patrols our terrace as silently as if it were moss, not brick. But there is nothing silent, alas! about his voice. He has five distinct calls. The gentlest is "Puk . . . Puk . . . Puk," which means that he would condescend to nibble a bit of cake or a few sunflower seeds. Next is a two-note yodel: "Ah-*ooooo*!"; he does this rarely and only once, and we have never figured out what he is trying to tell us. Third is his "Honk!"—exactly like that of an old rubber-bulb autohorn; he honks when he is angry; we know, because with it goes his fluffed-throat-feathers imitation of a bottle-brush. His loudest and most exacerbating call is "Hur-RAAAAAH! Hur-RAAAAAH! Hur-RAAAAAH!" over and over again. It is the caterwaul of a lunatic with a nightmare, the scream of a woman having her throat cut. The Rebel Yell, "that maniacal maelstrom of sound, rasping, shrieking, bloodcurdling," could have been inspired by a peacock's "Hur-RAAAAAH!" Any sharp, sudden noise will detonate it: a car backfires or a door slams; Aly instantly sounds the alarm, and every sleeper in the neighborhood springs eight inches off the pillow.

Last is his mournful "Lee-*yon*! . . . Lee-*yon*!" Flannery O'Connor spells it like that, but if you'll imagine that Aly is calling a French friend named Léon, you'll be closer to it. This is his love-call, and during the mating season (April into June) he begins using it at earliest daybreak. He roosts on a railing outside our bedroom window, and "Léon!" he calls, "Léon!" plaintively, until full day. I'm sorry for him, because he'll never get an answer, and I am to blame. Soon after he came to us, we bought him a beautiful milk-white peahen, Juno, but we didn't know then that you must keep new birds caged for the first week or so, and Juno promptly flew away. Then we bought him Scheherazade, but she was so crazy—flapping up and pecking at our faces—that we gave her to a local zoo, and I decided that we, if not Aly, would be happier if he stayed a bachelor from then on. (It occurred to me later that Scheherazade may have been suffering from *dementia peacox*.)

WHEN she was gone, we found that she had left us a memento: an egg, about the size of a turkey's, but plain, not speckled. It was fresh, so I fried it. Delicious! I've never eaten peacock, but I've read that they are esteemed for their slight gamy flavor. One of the many, many legends about them says that their flesh never decays, but "continues as it were embalmed in spices." Another says that their feathers are extremely unlucky; you must never bring them into the house or let children play with them. The Duchess of Windsor has told how, at her first marriage (to a naval aviator), her presents included a peacock-feather fan, and "I ran and put it on the gate, for someone to find and take away. I was *convinced* that if I kept it, my husband would be killed that very day!"

As soon as the mating season is over, and Aly's tapestried train has again failed (through no fault of his own) to serve its alluring purpose, he begins to molt it, plume by plume, until soon he is as bob-tailed as a duck. The new train sprouts immediately, but it doesn't reach its full glory until midwinter. One sleety Christmas Eve, it froze to our topmost roof, and I had to chip it free.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next morning Aly was as aloof and ungrateful as ever. So my wife told me. Me, I spent the day in bed, doing his honking for him. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MIDDLE GROUND, *by Margaret Drabble (Knopf, 277 pp., $10.95).* Margaret Drabble is a contemporary English writer whose sense of humor and irony give a more thoughtful perspective to the current preoccupation with women's rights, midlife crises, and middle age. Her main character, Kate, a journalist, becomes famous by writing new-wave women's pieces before they become fashionable. She acquires a large audience who share her pregnancies, her tussles with bailiffs, and her belief in the coming egalitarian millennium. Now in her forties, she finds it hard to accept unequivocally the assumptions she once so eloquently defended. An unprovoked attack on a friend by a deranged man provides a catharsis. In preparing a party to celebrate the recovery of the friend, she becomes aware that she is the center of a moving circle of friends, of children, of "human love where all connections are made known, where all roads connect"—not a moment of devastating illumination perhaps, but Drabble is able to persuade us that at least for Kate it is a revelation. There are echoes of E. M. Forster; but Drabble is a more robust writer, her people less self-conscious, and Kate's discovery is the reflex of a healthy vigorous nature rather than a considered philosophical belief. You cannot help but like Kate and wish her well. Unlike many of her female literary contemporaries, she deserves it. Drabble has written a finely crafted, witty, and wryly sympathetic book.

JUDITH E. CHETTLE

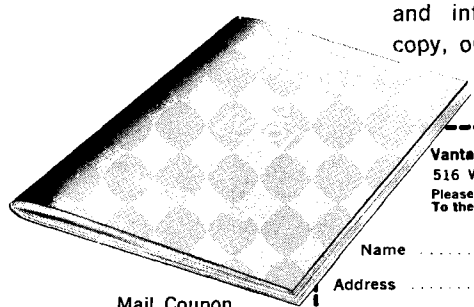
BISBEE '17, *by Robert Houston (Pantheon, 297 pp., $10). Bisbee '17* is a fence-straddling concoction, part history and part novel but not too much of either. It recounts a strike instigated by the International Workers of the World during the First World War at copper mines in an Arizona border town. The Wobblies count among their ranks "Mother" Jones, going on ninety, full of fight; Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, about 25, full of idealism; and Bo Whitley, maybe 28, full of fight and idealism in equal measure. They manage to stir up the Slavs in the clapboard neighborhoods up and down the Bisbee gulches, and incur the wrath of pugnacious Sheriff Wheeler and a host of aggressive mine owners. Clashes ensue. Wobblies disrupt a country-club party and spirit away a naïve son of management, Art Matthews. Trying hard to be a proletarian, Art hands over a management blacklist, and, hoping to

To the author in search of a publisher

YOU ARE INVITED to send for a free, illustrated brochure which explains how your book (or your organization's) can be published, promoted and marketed.

Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized (even controversial) this handsome 52-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, or more information, fill in and mail the coupon.



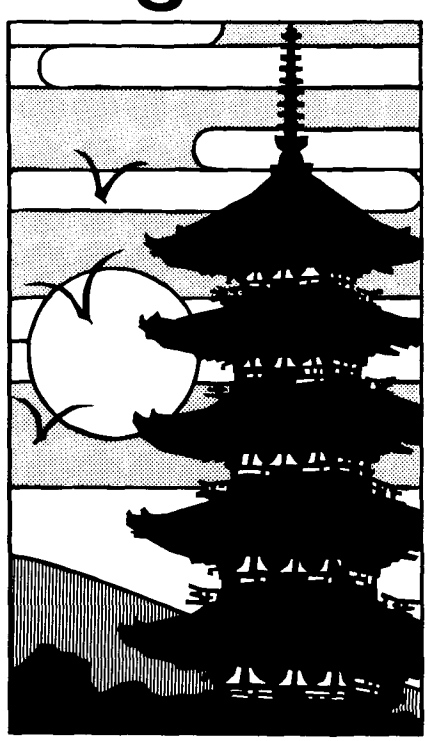
Mail Coupon for your Free Copy

Vantage Press, Inc. Dept. AO-1
516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001
Please send me a complimentary copy of To the Author in Search of a Publisher.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Offices in Washington, D.C. and Hollywood, Calif.

Small Ad for a Big Tour of the Orient



Japan Air Lines has 35 very special tours to the Orient. Come, let us take you to the Orient of your dreams.
Here is but one example:
Best of the Orient, 24 days, $4821. See Tokyo, Lake Hakone, Kyoto, Nara, Wuxi, Shanghai, Beijing, Soochow, Manila, Bangkok, Singapore and Hong Kong. Includes all meals (most à la carte). All tours fully escorted. Luxury hotels.

Rates based on double occupancy and economy air fare from the West Coast and are subject to change. Additional charge for June–October peak season.

CALL TOLL FREE
800-835-2246,* Ext. 145
for free tour information, see your travel agent, or mail this coupon today.
Japan Air Lines, P.O. Box 10618
Long Island City, New York 11101

JAL HAPPY HOLIDAYS
JAPAN AIR LINES

Dear JAL: I've read your small ad and I'd like more details of the tours I've checked.
☐ Best of the Orient (1003)
☐ Other Happy Holidays Tours

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Travel Agent_____ LN0381
*Continental U.S. only. In Kansas: 800-362-2421

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impress the lovely Elizabeth, espouses free love. But Whitley's got her heart. Art is left cringing at the sound of their bedsprings. Eventually a company tough fetches him home—just in time to join management's posse in a midnight roundup of strikers. The posse, though quite illegal, proves effective. As the strikers are hauled off into the desert and abandoned, the women Wobblies decide they'd better head back East on a speaking tour. Masked thugs catch the unrepentant Whitley and push him to his death in an ore crusher. Houston claims his book is history "as Homer chose to write it," which lets him off the hook on factuality and may, for those familiar with the minutiae of U.S. labor history, forgive him the melodrama—perhaps Whitley actually did shout from the country-club bandstand, "Anybody working here tonight is a scab and a traitor to his fellow workers." Still, Houston's characters sound curiously alike. As revealed through the grating second-person singular, each knows exactly what he wants in life, each meets his fate as though he expected it all along. Neither the constraints of the record nor the free rein of fiction can quite explain the redundancy.

PAUL T. HORNAK

BRANCUSI PHOTOGRAPHER, *by Marielle Talbert and Isabelle Monod-Fontaine (Agrinde, 124 pp., $30; paperback, $17.50).* When one thinks of the distance separating most of today's sculptors from their work—the assistants who enlarge the design, the foundries that cast it, the welders that weld it, or the factories that turn out the parts to be assembled by technicians—one marvels at the close personal involvement which Constantin Brancusi, the Rumanian-French sculptor and pioneer abstractionist, bestowed on his. According to Fontus Hulten's preface to the present volume, he "cast the bronzes in his own forge. He personally cut the oaks from which were sculpted the endless columns. He formed the birds in marble . . . using the same chisel from first to last blow." And from 1905 to his death in 1957 he photographed his own works, their progress, and their different settings in his studio, doing the developing and printing in his own darkroom. This book reproduces a choice selection of the nearly 560 negatives and 1250 prints that came to light after his death. They enable the reader not only to trace his creative growth, but to understand the importance this artist placed on the way his sculptures were exhibited and lit. Museum curators might study this book, which could with profit have been titled "Brancusi's Brancusis"; others will find it an invaluable record that enhances their appreciation of this seemingly cold and impersonal artist.

RUTH BERENSON

Dark Horses

THE MAGNITUDE of the judicial and ethical revolution committed by the U.S. Supreme Court in its abortion rulings of 1973 has begun to dawn on some of those who favored and abetted it.

Exhibit A in this respect is Dr. Bernard Nathanson, a founding father of the National Abortion Rights Action League and former impresario of the nation's largest abortion clinic—in which capacity, by his own assessment, he presided over 60,000 fetal killings. He tells the story of this involvement, his growing doubts about abortion, and his final revulsion from it in *Aborting America*, co-authored with Richard E. Ostling (Doubleday; $10).

Nathanson describes a process in which the nature of what he was doing sank in gradually as he contemplated the growing body of evidence that the fetus is not merely alive but begins to develop distinctively human features in the first few weeks of life, and that it feels and reacts to pain—which would mean, among other things, that it must suffer unspeakable agonies when it is aborted.

As Nathanson tells it, his early medical training in obstetrics and gynecology was focused primarily on the health and well-being of the mother, whereas recent scientific advances have made physicians more conscious of, and knowledgeable about, the life and health of the fetus. The point is not so much that the scientific reality of fetal life was previously in doubt (it wasn't), but rather that emotional and ethical awareness of this reality is different from mere theoretical cognition of it. The author provides a useful summary of the relevant data on this subject, as well as a digest of, and rebuttals to, the major arguments on both sides of the abortion question.

Nathanson's description of the zealous pre-abortion movement of the early 1970s, the political and media manipulations in which it engaged, and the distortions of fact to which it resorted is highy unappetizing. While he professes to be equally unhappy with the pro-life movement and doesn't consider himself to be part of it, his condemnation of the abortionists is much more telling, because more knowledgeable. It is astonishing that so much self-righteous fervor could be mobilized in behalf of killing innocent human beings.

The trick is performed, of course, by acting as if the mother is the only person involved in the transaction, and treating the fetus as an inconvenient blob of protoplasm unworthy of discussion, much less protection by law. This was the approach adopted by Justice Blackman in *Roe* v. *Wade*, who concluded that since he couldn't tell whether the fetus was a "person," it was okay to kill it. Nathanson rains contempt on the decision as a travesty of medical knowledge, but it is an even greater travesty of Western ethics, reversing the centuries-old commitment of our legal system to the protection of innocent life.

WHAT TO do about such a reversal is the subject of *Judicial Supremacy: The Supreme Court on Trial*, by Representative Robert K. Dornan (R., Calif.) and Csaba Vedlik Jr. (Nordland Publishing International; $5.95). With specific focus on the abortion rulings of the federal courts, but also with reference to other examples of judicial activism, the authors mount a historical argument against the idea of judicial supremacy, and indeed against the idea of judicial review as originally laid down by John Marshall.

In essence, they contend, the British system from which our jurisprudence is descended, and the colonial system which nourished our Constitution, were both founded on legislative rather than judicial pre-eminence. They urge a series of steps to restore us to that condition—including legislation to remove controversial areas from the appellate jurisdiction of the federal courts and to facilitate impeachment of judges who overstep the bounds of constitutional propriety.

—M. STANTON EVANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

(Continued from page 256)

As for Hölderlin, my point, no doubt concealed by over-compression, indeed pertains to discovery. Like Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889), he was unreadable until after the revolution of sensibility that made him the contemporary of writers born forty years after his death. Or consider John Donne (1572-1631): by 1700 no longer in print, by 1800 an antiquarian curiosity, by 1920 one of the living. Writers, says Borges, invent their predecessors.

Hugh Kenner
Baltimore, Md.

New Discovery: The Angel Is the Message

Counters of medieval angels
Have at last received a tip
From counting info dancing
On a silicon chip.

Michael Novak
Washington, D.C.

Her Friends Call Her Danuta

I really enjoyed reading the article on Poland's Lech Walesa ["Lech Walesa: Man of the Year," Jan. 23]. Based on other accounts of Mr. Walesa and his family, however, I think one minor correction concerning the name of Walesa's wife is in order. Her name as reported in other sources is Miroslawa and not Danuta as indicated in your article. Otherwise, bravo!

Raymond Smialowski
Brighton, Mass.

The Cambridge Flag-Burners

Thank you for the recognition, although somewhat oblique, of our organization that you have accorded by your mention of our demonstration and burning of the Soviet flag ["The Week," Feb. 6].

However, you neglected to specify that this foreign policy extravaganza was organized by the Harvard and Radcliffe Conservative Club, not simply "a group of Harvard and Radcliffe students." Nor do we cotton to your conjectural characterization of us as "callow freshmen." Rather, we are a lonely outpost of men and women, both undergraduate and graduate, manning the ramparts of sanity against the lemming hordes.

Hilary Andrew Kinal
President, HRCC
Cambridge, Mass.

Blockbuster

The 25th Anniversary Issue was a blockbuster! Would it be heretical to suggest that between its covers the eschaton was immanentized?

Jim Bencivenga
Boston, Mass.

JOKES FOR SPEAKERS!
Topical Joke-Bulletin with approx. 100 funny one-liners, stories and roast-lines. Created by top Hollywood comedy writers. Ideal for Business and Club meetings, Banquets, etc. Humorize your speech for any audience; any occasion. Current issue, $6.50. Send check or m.o. to:
JOKES UN-LTD.
1357 Miller Dr., Dept. C-1, Hollywood, Calif. 90069

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.
A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others.* ORDER NOW:
THE ART OF ARGUMENT, by Giles St. Aubyn $7.95 plus 95¢ handling 10-day Money-Back Guar.
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 664-F
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

Enjoy the beauty of the Grove City College campus

Fifth Annual
Institute on Public Policy and Private Enterprise
Grove City College
Grove City, Pennsylvania
June 14-19, 1981

HEAR AND QUESTION RECOGNIZED ACADEMIC SPECIALISTS, WRITERS, ANALYSTS ON TWO MAJOR THEMES:

The Honorable PHILIP M. CRANE
United States Congressman,
Illinois, Historian, Lecturer

HANS F. SENNHOLZ
Internationally-known free market economist, author, lecturer
Professor, Grove City College

RUSSELL KIRK
Editor, *University Bookman*
Distinguished Visiting Professor
Author, Lecturer

JOHN A. SPARKS
Lawyer, Economist,
Professor, Grove City College

L. JOHN VAN TIL
Historian, Public Policy Commentator
Professor, Grove City College

ROBERT M. BLEIBERG
Editor and Publisher, *Barron's* National Business & Financial Weekly

STUART M. BUTLER
Heritage Foundation, Introduced United States to concept of "Enterprise Zones"

MICHAEL J. DEANE
Defense and Strategy Analyst,
Advanced International Studies Institute

DR. CHARLES S. MACKENZIE
President, Grove City College
Scholar, Theologian

JOHN C. MOORHOUSE
Labor Economist, Writer
Wake Forest University

The City - Its Past, Problems and Prospects; Steps Toward a Return to the Gold Standard Other lectures on: "Inflation", "The Washington Scene", "National Defense Strategy", "Crime and Punishment" and more.
In 1980 men and women from 21 states and abroad attended the stimulating 6-day Institute.

For More Details, Mail Coupon To:
Dr. John A. Sparks, Director
Institute on Public Policy and Private Enterprise
Grove City College
Grove City, PA 16127
(412) 458-6600

Please send brochure, application & scholarship information about Institute on Public Policy and Private Enterprise. NR
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State, Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

YOUR RESUME—How to write it!! $4., Informax, 3000 Market, Box 8486R, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMS needed for small, conservative research and education foundation in Washington, D.C. We are looking for a multi-talented individual with the ability to supervise as well as think and write creatively. Duties include 1) Supervisory/administrative work, 2) Coordination of occasional conferences and meetings, 3) Writing short studies and reports. The individual should be knowledgeable in current affairs, politically conservative, and have an interest in social issues. Position available in May. Our employees are aware of this opening. Please send resume in confidence to: NR Box 3387.

WANTED: TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE on production and marketing of the Best Board Game Ever. Game is developed and prototyped but skilled expertise needed to present to public. Unlimited potential! Write NR Box 3388.

SUPERVISORY POSITION with direct marketing firm. MBA preferred, BS or BA required. Salary negotiable. Send resume to P.O. Box 941, Vienna, Va. 22180.

GAL FRIDAY NEEDED in NR's promotion dept.; beyond fast, accurate typing, willingness to work hard and long, and a sense of humor, only requirement is reasonable salary demands. Write NR Box 3359.

Literary

BOOKS LOCATED. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95927.

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY provides an international forum for the exploration of responsible, articulate alternatives to the positivist/analytical, Marxist, and narrowly academicist trends of contemporary philosophy. Subscription—$12.00 (Students $8.50); 38 rue St.-Louis-en-l'Ile, F-75004 NR, Paris, France.

National Review Accepts...

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 90¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.00 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRO, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

THE EARTH IS FLAT! "Proven" by fascinating oldtime theory. $2.00, Long S.A.S.E. Excelco-N, Box 210127, Dallas, Tex. 75211.

FOR SALE. Back Issues NATIONAL REVIEW. Write NR Box 3386.

USED CATHOLIC BOOKS for sale. Catalogue available from Catholic Library Sources. P.O. Box A3583, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

PROFESSIONAL EDITING, REWRITE, MORE. Prompt, reasonable. Theo French Edits, P.O. Box 1058, La Mesa, Calif. 92041.

MEN IN OUR TIME by Katherine Young. 17 memorable portrait photographs of controversial men such as Adenauer, Truman, Nixon, Franco, Nehru. Send $16.50 to Katherine Young, 140 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE SEARCH for out-of-print books. Write, visit, call 201-221-9024, Bookstock, 7N Church Street, Bernardsville, N.J. 07924.

MY OLD NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOODS Greenwich Village and Beekman Place by Katherine Young. A nostalgic glimpse into those areas in 1932. Send $4.50 to Katherine Young, 140 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

BILL RICKENBACKER's funny, warm accounts of life on his Yankee farm: subscribe to The Berry Patch Letters. Twelve issues, $8 a year. Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01885.

PUBLISHER'S OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

Investment Opportunities

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. Ground floor opportunity. Distributing natural food supplements, personal care and biodegradable home cleaning products. Enhance, Box 427-NR, Menomonie, Wisc. 54751.

INFORMATION ON EMERGING GOLD and silver stocks. Company which pays gold dividends. Warrants (calls) to purchase gold. 285 South Cove Road, Burlington, Vt. 05401.

LOUIS J. LYELL, C.L.U.—Life Insurance. P.O. Box 190 (Zip Code 39205), 1050 Deposit Guaranty Plaza, Jackson, Miss. 39201. 601-354-2212.

GOLD STOCKS—Domestic, Canadian, and South African; gold coin speculation; gold and silver bullion; currency hedging; banking in Switzerland, Bahamas, Lichtenstein; money market opportunities; unusual monetary sanctuaries; sophisticated interpretation of banking statistics and interest rates. Here's how to find out what the experts are advising on this important subject. A selection of 20 sample subscriptions to a variety of these specialized advisory services for $23. To order the 20 sample subscriptions, merely send your name and address, together with this ad and your $23 remittance to: Center for Business Information, Box 5474, New York, N.Y. 10163.

20% INTEREST on $500.00 min. Dynamic service corporation needs expansion capital. Write NR Box 3364.

Music

RECORDS—TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, Dept. 36-0381, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

FINE ARTS NETWORK. Helps cultured singles find each other. Nationwide. Music, literature, art lovers. Information? Stamped, self-addressed envelope, Box 4714NR, Cleveland, Ohio 44126.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—The link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

PENFRIENDS—ENGLAND—USA. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89 NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

GEORGE JESSEL

The Toastmaster General's Favorite Jokes

My son's teacher moonlights as a cabdriver. The cop in our neighborhood has a part-time job in a bowling alley. Everybody seems to be holding down two jobs. Never before in the history of mankind have so many worked so hard to be able to afford all the latest labor-saving appliances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081, or call 215-566-2132.

Situations Wanted

PHYSICIAN, 53, SEEKS RELOCATION. Experienced in general medicine. Nutritionally oriented. Also certified in radiology. A pilot, commercial, multi-engine instrument. All exciting offers considered. Write NR Box 3389.

YOUNG (29) EX-ARMY OFFICER, recently discharged transportation specialist seeking new challenges in any field/location. Successful in all undertakings. Peter J. Marx, 2367 Canterbury Road, University Heights, Ohio 44118. 216-321-1046.

Vacation

HUTCHINSON ISLAND, STUART, FLORIDA. Indian River Plantation. On the golf course, new 3-bedroom, 3-bath villa, with screened porch overlooking pond. Unspoiled ocean beach, backyard pool. All country club facilities, tennis, fine restaurant. Superb ocean or waterway fishing. Available starting May 1 and through summer and fall. These are some of the finest months of the year for pleasant, informal relaxation on the beautiful island. Attractive off-season rental rate of $1,100 per month, with two weeks minimum. Call owner, Henri Bouscaren, Office 513-381-2560; home 513-871-7741.

KIAWAH ISLAND: Near historic Charleston. Exclusive resort rentals of private homes and villas. Call 1-800-845-3911. (In S.C. 1-571-0214). Tidelands Realty, Inc., P.O. Box 30067, Charleston, S.C. 29407.

BAHAMA SAILING VACATION. 46' ketch sleeps eight. Cordial Captain and Mate. Call 904-731-0451.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102. Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

BEACH HOMES for rent. Luxurious but inexpensive. Moontime Route 1, Box 1990. Santa Rosa Beach, Fla. 32459. 904-267-2394.

Educational Opportunities

NON-TRADITIONAL DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, La. 70114.

Gourmet

GREEK IMMIGRANT shares family recipes. $5. MW, 617 Northwest 42nd, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118.

FOR EASTER OR ANYTIME—The secret of perfectly beautiful hard-cooked eggs. $1.00 S.A.S.E. Write NR Box 3390.

AUTHENTIC MEXICAN FOOD. $3.00 buys ten fabulous recipes. Senor Piedra, 3377 E. McKinley, Fresno, Calif. 93703.

SIMPLE COOKING: Lively, opinionated broadsheet sent free to literate cooks. Write NR Box 3391.

DANISH RECIPES. Never before translated! $2.00 and S.A.S.E. E.G. Stengren. 1006 McVey, Mt. Pleasant, Mich. 48858.

Real Estate

SELF-SUFFICIENT PRIVATE ISLAND. Join two scientists in making one of the most beautiful subtropical islands in the world self-sufficient—technically and financially. Ideal haven for family, private organization, or corporate retreat. Little Stirrup Cay, Bahamas, contains more than 5,000 feet of white sand beaches, underwater caves, coral heads and reefs, excellent fishing, coconut groves, high hills, lush jungle, ancient "slave walls" and ruins, two lakes, freshwater wells, and natural harbor. Only 123 miles east of Florida and 20 min. across protected waters from commercial airport. Construction now underway of roads, water tower, windmill, docks, all-stone villas, community center, etc. Present two owners have invested $2.4-million. One to four others invited to invest $300,000 minimum to total of $1.2-million for proportionate ownership. Fast appreciation. Write for pictures, description: Island for Science Inc., P.O. Box 527, Beverly Shores, Ind. 46301.

OCEANFRONT HOME on 70 wooded acres in Maine. $250,000. Write for complete information. Francis Adamo, 71 Water Street, Lubec, Maine 04652. 207-733-8884.

For Sale

GIANT EXHIBITION DAHLIAS. Send for free Dahlia Folder with price list. Fifty years in business. Golden Rule Dahlia Farm, 3460 N Street, Route 48, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

UNIQUE BUSINESS GIFT! The "Captains of Industry"—Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Morgan, and Rockefeller. Quotations and facsimile signatures permanently reproduced on barware. Free illustrated brochure. W & D, Box 1158-NR1, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

VICTORIAN HOMES—Pen and ink prints, free brochure, Box 99681, Tacoma, Wash. 98499.

Miscellaneous

IF YOU WANT TO: Improve Your Personality, Lose Weight, or Improve Concentration and Study Habits, H. James Zinger can help with his marvelous hypnosis tapes. Mr. Zinger is an authority on hypnosis with over two decades of experience. Send $10.00 for each tape or $25.00 for all three to: Hypmovation Productions, 101 W. Alameda, Calif. 91502.

HANDWRITING ANALYZED. $20. MGW, 911 Northwest 57th, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118.

CROSSWORD PUZZLES SPECIALLY MADE for your convention, anniversary celebration, individual gifts, Christmas, any occasion! Related names, inside jokes, technical words. Write: F. E. Halverson, 5133 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55419.

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS. Custom built ultra-violet light boxes for home use or doctor's office. Prevent long hospital stays. Remission visible under dermatologist care. For information call 914-693-4439 or write Quality Light Box Corp., 50 Wood Avenue, Ardsley, N.Y. 10502.

I.Q./APTITUDE TEST. $3.00. Sunset Merchandising, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211.

CONSERVATIVE EPISCOPALIANS in the New York metropolitan area, opposed to the ordination of women or changes in the 1928 Book of Common Prayer, are invited to Holy Communion and sermon at St. Mary Magdalene, 1175 Third Avenue, Sundays at 4 p.m.

G. K. CHESTERTON CONFERENCE, Saturday, April 25, 1981; write Box 149, Fordham University, Lincoln Center, New York, N.Y. 10023.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $15 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

INSTEAD OF DRUGS/SURGERY—PREVENTIVE/CURATIVE PRACTICES SUSTAIN LIFE $10-The Ferret, P.O. Box 71036, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.

NEED A DOCTOR/DENTIST? This booklet details types of physicians, questions to ask, making selections. $1.25. D. R. Publications, Box 1509N, Bloomington, Ill. 61701.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ new subscription
☐ renewal

☐ 1 year $24 (USA)
☐ 1 year $26 (Canada)
☐ 1 year $28 (All other foreign).

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Initial here _____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reagan's Missed Opportunity

On The Right

New York, Feb. 24—Mr. Reagan's proposals—an across-the-board 10 per cent per year tax cut going over a period of three years—came as partial relief after persistent news stories to the effect that he would not propose to Congress reduced taxes at the highest brackets. To do any such thing, his advisors are quoted as having finally persuaded him, would be to bring on political damage and jeopardize tax cuts altogether.

But President Reagan was true to his commitment to endorse the Kemp-Roth principle. Unhappily, what he did not do was to stress the critical point, the thing primarily to remember about the Laffer Curve, and the point made with such comprehensive brilliance in George Gilder's new book *Wealth and Poverty*. It is that relief is most important at the higher tax rates. *What is the marginal rate of taxation?* is the single most relevant question to ask if you are an economic physician probing an anemic patient. The pity is that the greatest living political communicator did not take the opportunity to confront such arguments as Senator Kennedy and Mr. Mondale used to bring down the house at Madison Square Garden last summer during the Democratic Convention. There must have been fifty references to "rich men's" tax bills. There were none directed at the question: Is it sound public policy to over-tax the rich if by doing so a) you reduce the prospects of the non-rich, and b) you reduce total revenues?

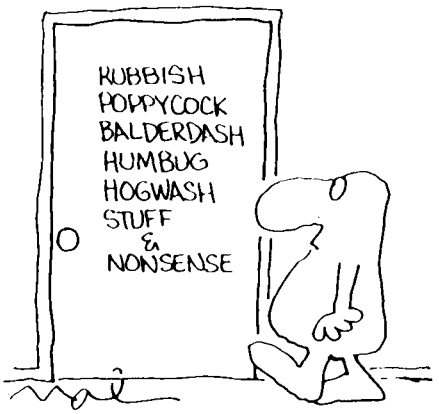
Because that is what has been happening, and Mr. Reagan should take an early opportunity to spread those figures before the public. The *Wall Street Journal* recently poked about various studies of the effect of the reduced 1979 capital gains tax (the law reducing the tax from 49 to 28 per cent). Opponents of the proposed reduction did everything except commit satyagraha to stop Congress. Among other things they claimed that the measure would cost the government, in lost revenues, $1.7 billion.

What in fact happened? The Treasury collected $1.1 billion *more* in taxes under the lower rate than under the higher rate.

But that isn't all. In 1969, the last year of an earlier lower capital gains tax rate, 698 new stock offerings went out, issued by companies whose net worth is less than $5 billion. Five years later a total of four new issues were floated. In 1977, the figure was 13; 1979—the year of the substantial decrease in the capital gains tax—46; in the first ten months of 1980, 89. In other words, although we are a long way from the level of entrepreneurial activity by small business we were at in 1969, we are pointed in the right direction. The importance of such activity is merely suggested by the following data, drawn together by the economist for the W. R. Grace Company. Between 1969 and 1976, over 80 per cent of all new jobs were created by companies with fewer than one hundred employees. So that the approximately 11 million Americans added to the work force during the past decade owe their jobs to the disposition of fellow Americans to take risks. Will they, under Reagan's plan, do so at a more intensive level?

KEMP-ROTH is good stuff, though it would be sounder if the lesser rates held and the top rates were instantly reduced. But consider: the average security is now held for 7.2 years. Assuming the current maximum rate of taxation on capital gains and 14 per cent inflation, this means that if during that period you doubled your money, you would pocket after paying taxes 67 per cent of your original investment. Reduce the inflation rate to 10 per cent: that means that an apparent 200 per cent return translates to a real return of 87 per cent—or less than you had seven years earlier.

"Probably no one in the current Administration," writes a *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer, "disputes the economic rationale" for an instant reduction of the maximum rate on unearned income to 50 per cent—the maximum rate on earned income. "The problem is purely political" —notwithstanding that history shows the "rich" would actually be paying more, appearances suggest they are being favored. But surely Mr. Reagan's skill is in demonstrating the fallacy of so many populist assumptions. Why not use that skill for that purpose? □



FOCUS ON CASTRO

New York, Mar. 2—Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick, the professor of government at Georgetown who has been named by President Reagan as his new ambassador to the United Nations, informs us in an article on "U.S. Security and Latin America" published in *Commentary* that it is a mistake to suppose that the rise of Communist influence in Latin America is merely the result of Jimmy Carter's ineptitude. Say what you will about Mr. Carter, even his ineptitude is insufficient to accomplish all that happened in the Caribbean area during four years. In order fully to understand such things as Nicaragua, El Salvador, Grenada, Martinique, and Panama, said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, one needs to understand that a casualty of the Vietnam debacle was the reorientation of our traditional policy toward Latin America. It became unfashionable to think of it as an area of special interest to the United States.

The shifting perception was verbalized by Zbigniew Brzezinski in his book *Between Two Ages*. In that book, the future security advisor to the future President called for an end to the conventional formulations. We should not feel that, toward Latin America, we have any "special relationship." Rather we should globalize our attitude. Then there was the report by a commission headed by Sol Linowitz which carried forward the thinking of Brzezinski; and finally, the Institute for [anti-American] Policy Studies added its own report called "The Southern Connection."

What then happened under Carter, who put in positions of power the kind of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people who believed such stuff, was to be sure a discontinuation of the special avuncular relationship that over a period of one hundred years sometimes teetered over the line of imperialism. We cut our aid, military and economic, by over one-half. By the end of the decade we were supplying fewer arms to Latin America than were four other countries in the world.

But our policies were hardly even-handed. The Linowitz Commission, and the IPS, argued hotly for what we used to call the "normalization of relations" with Castro's Cuba—a term which most of us have reluctantly, and ironically, finally come to understand as meaning that normal relations with Castro's Cuba requires that we resist Castro's expansionist policies. At a negative level, we were directly responsible for the overthrow of the government of General Somoza. Mrs. Kirkpatrick gives a useful narrative, including much notice of our gullible acceptance of the bona fides of the opposition. "The first fruit of the destabilization of Somoza and the reinforcement of his opponents was a civil war in which some forty thousand Nicaraguans lost their most basic human right (life), another hundred thousand were left homeless, and $2 billion worth of destruction was wrought. Nicaragua was left in a shambles." From which ashes has arisen the most despotic and ideologized government in Central America, which among other things has declared its solidarity with the Soviet-imposed government of Afghanistan, and with Kim Il Sung of North Korea, by contrast with whom General Somoza was Thomas Jefferson.

WHEN President Kennedy concluded what we should now concede to have been the most disastrous political deal of the Sixties—namely his guarantee that the U.S. would not interfere with Castro's hegemony over Cuba—Mr. Kennedy in effect repealed the Monroe Doctrine. "Today," Mrs. Kirkpatrick reflects, "Cuba possesses a small navy; a sizable number of supersonic aircraft—including IL-14s and MiG-21s and -23s—that can be quickly armed with nuclear weapons; modern transport planes capable of airlifting Cuban troops anywhere in the area; a huge army; and an estimated 144 SAM-2 anti-aircraft missile sites. The presence of more than fifty thousand Cuban troops and military advisors in Africa and the Middle East provides one measure of the size and utility of Cuba's armed forces. The Cuban role in training, supplying, and advising revolutionary groups throughout the Caribbean and Central America illustrates the hemispheric implications of this build-up."

But this contrasts with life in Cuba today. Another journal quotes Juan Clark, the Miami sociologist whose field of study is the Cuban revolution and the resulting exodus: "The only thing that really functions in Cuba well is the system of repression, and the architects of that success story are the Soviets and the Czechs." Cuba, then, is that paradox: a nation of considerable military strength, resting on the shoulders of a weak and demoralized people, of whom Cuba's boat refugees are the best witnesses.

Mr. Reagan should make the neutralization of Castro the centerpiece of his foreign policy. □

RIGHT TO LIFE BREAKTHROUGH

New York, Feb. 26—In the current *Human Life Review* (Human Life Foundation, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016) a young scholar has articulated an approach to the abortion question which is a dazzling constitutional insight. The original idea, author Stephen Galebach modestly admits, emanated from Professor George Carey of Georgetown, the renowned political scientist. But the careful explication and the thorough constitutional analysis are the work of Galebach, a graduate of Yale and of the Harvard Law School where he served as Notes Editor of the *Harvard Law Review* before clerking with the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. His 28-page article has 102 footnotes, where you would probably need 70 times 102 footnotes to persuade the American Civil Liberties Union that the phrase "the unborn child" is only one half "unborn," the second half being "child."

But Galebach's arguments are purely legal. One could read his article straight through without finding any justification for concluding that Galebach himself opposes abortion. All he says, simply, is that if the people of the United States, acting through their representatives in Congress, wish to undo *Roe* v. *Wade*, in which the Supreme Court ruled that state abortion statutes are unconstitutional limitations on a woman's right to privacy, all Congress has to do is pass a simple statute defining "life."

No one questions that, under the Constitution, human life is protected. Twice: once from any assaults by Congress; again from any assault by the states. The Fifth Amendment reads in part, "No person shall be . . . deprived [by Congress] of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." The Fourteenth guarantees that no "State [shall] deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

In *Roe* v. *Wade* the Supreme Court protected itself by the simple expedient of saying: people disagree about what constitutes "life." That's true. The Court went on to explain that inasmuch as there are differences among doctors, philosophers, and theologians on the question when does human life begin, the Court is not competent to asseverate when it begins.

Very well. But this does not mean that therefore no one is competent to judge that question. People disagree about how high taxes ought to be, whether a dam should be built here or there, whether we should declare war. The question, in short, is political. It is all very well to say—and most people would agree—that there are more important criteria than political criteria. But it is these that govern. We lived under a Constitution that, for four score years, permitted the institution of slavery. We know now that slavery was wrong; but we do not challenge that anyone, in the days before the Emancipation Proclamation, who attempted to steal another man's slave, was legally guilty of theft.

The Court, in *Roe* v. *Wade*, acknowledged as much. "If the suggestion of personhood is established, the appellant's case, of course, collapses; for the fetus's right to life would then be guaranteed specifically by the Amendment."

NOW in the days since 1973 much thought has been given to the question whether life should be understood as existing from the point of conception; or even at some point between conception and birth. It is a fairly safe generality that increasing scientific testimony is to the effect that the fetus is in most significant biological senses an individual human life. But that isn't a legal argument. The Court, in more recent decisions, has upheld the responsibility of Congress to interpret its own obligations under the Fourteenth Amendment even to the point of gluttony. Thus it upheld a section of the Voting Rights Act that rules that voter qualification tests were illegal in those states or counties in which fewer than 50 per cent of the voting-age residents registered or voted in the 1964 elections. Indeed the Court has gone so far (when it upheld the illegalization of literacy tests in English) as to acknowledge Congress's power to pre-empt a possible or likely deprivation of a citizen's right. Few people, this side of the ACLU, are likely to opt that abortion does not affect a latent right.

Galebach's essay is a stunning breakthrough. Legislation has been submitted. Let us proceed to face the question. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The Great Emancipator's cousin
2 12 79 21 43 160 28 176 118 195
200 127 191 139

B. *Ptychocheilus*
7 76 83 156 106 16 178 125 147

C. The Czar of Russia, 1533-1584
14 133 145 157 42 173 194 183 190 113
94 135 82 55 153

D. A lowercase letter
17 61 9 121 90 73 47 192 15

E. Unscramble EVE WORE V HATS to get a waltz
74 34 29 51 123 131 141 204 151 38
89 69

F. A hunter's shout on spying the fox
111 33 180 189 201 132 159 150 185 128

G. A divider
119 40 86 37 122 152 124 169 184 64

H. A signer of the *Declaration*
126 193 63 102 108 92 50 179

I. Unpropitious
45 60 84 25 71 87 6 36

J. To state or express briefly
130 32 81 72 167 182 196 202

K. To outstrip
142 68 158 10 52 206 170 3

L. Name borne by both a niece and a daughter-in-law of one of this century's presidents
148 49 67 70 75 110 155 13 205 59
85 138 30 44 177 165

M. The Roman emperor, 98-117
154 181 93 120 5 53

N. A city on Lake Ontario
166 62 197 95 22 163

O. A fine plaster used to decorate and ornament interior walls
54 24 77 97 1 27

P. One who has a strong aversion to another
171 56 161 23 149

Q. A fleet of warships
175 144 99 107 129 115

R. Fate
88 162 4 66 18 57

S. A city southwest of Tijuana
100 164 188 8 186 65 103 168

T. A tranquilizer
104 78 109 101 146 58 137 117

U. A town north of Ajaccio, Corsica
91 39 105 136 11

V. A town near Tokio
134 203 187

W. Pertaining to an Oriental
143 19 41 48 172 35 114

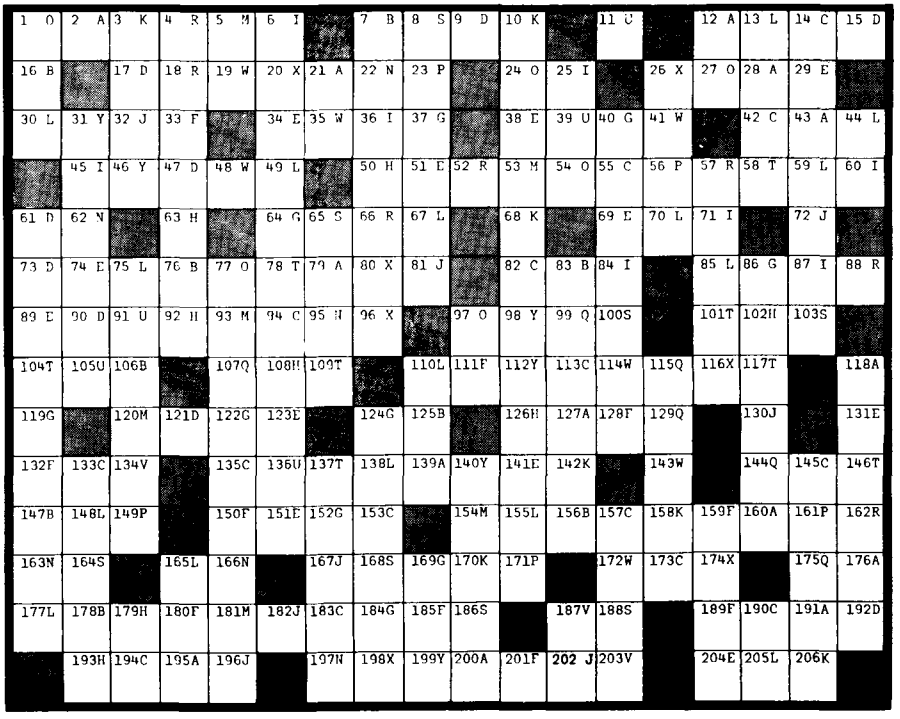
X. The name of twelve kings of Egypt
26 198 116 80 20 174 96

Y. Condition
31 46 140 98 199 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 310 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NE

The New England Collectors Society Presents Its First

ANNUAL MOTHER'S DAY BELL

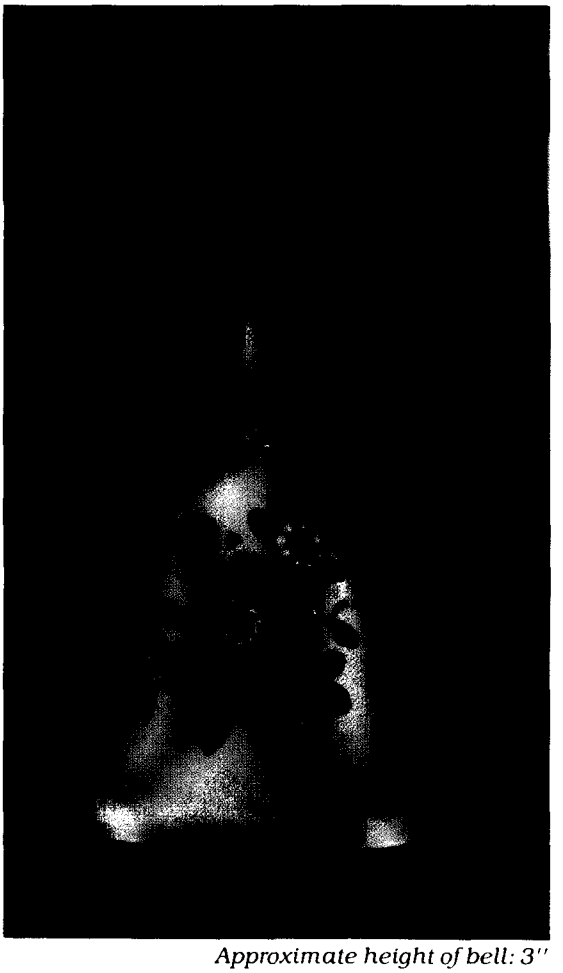
"Forget-Me-Not" Unusually Beautiful Hand-painted Flower Bell

- **Each silver-covered bell is serially numbered and registered.**
- **Beautifully hand-painted "Forget-Me-Not" design.**
- **Limited Edition available at original price only until May 10, 1981.**
- **A handsomely crafted limited edition produced by Reed & Barton, one of America's leading silversmiths. Not available in stores.**
- **Attractively gift packaged.**
- **Priced at only $18.50.**

The first annual New England Collectors Society Mother's Day Bell will be issued in a strictly limited edition available at original issue price only until May 10, 1981. Each solid metal bell will be lavishly electroplated with silver. A beautiful flower, the "Forget-Me-Not" is delicately hand-painted by skilled artisans, truly a unique first—combining color and precious metal. All future annual editions will depict a different hand-painted flower.

The New England Collectors Society will offer this important first edition bell only through advanced reservation with no bells available in stores.

Consider this unique and beautiful bell as an extraordinary collector's item for yourself and also as a memorable Mother's Day gift. It could well be the start of a most interesting and rewarding collector's tradition.



Approximate height of bell: 3"

Guaranteed shipment for Mother's Day delivery on all orders received by April 20, 1981.

NE *The New England Collectors Society*

Dept. MD-7, 62 Eastview Avenue, Pleasantville, NY 10570

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please check if you wish to have any Bell shipped to a different address and indicate specific instructions on a separate sheet of paper. Also include any message for a gift card which we will provide if requested.

Please enter my order for the First Annual Mother's Day Bell. I have enclosed my remittance as follows:

Bell(s) @ $18.50 each . . . . . $ _____

Shipping and handling @ $1.25 per Bell . . . . . $ _____

Total amount enclosed* . . . . . $ _____

*New York residents add 5% sales tax.

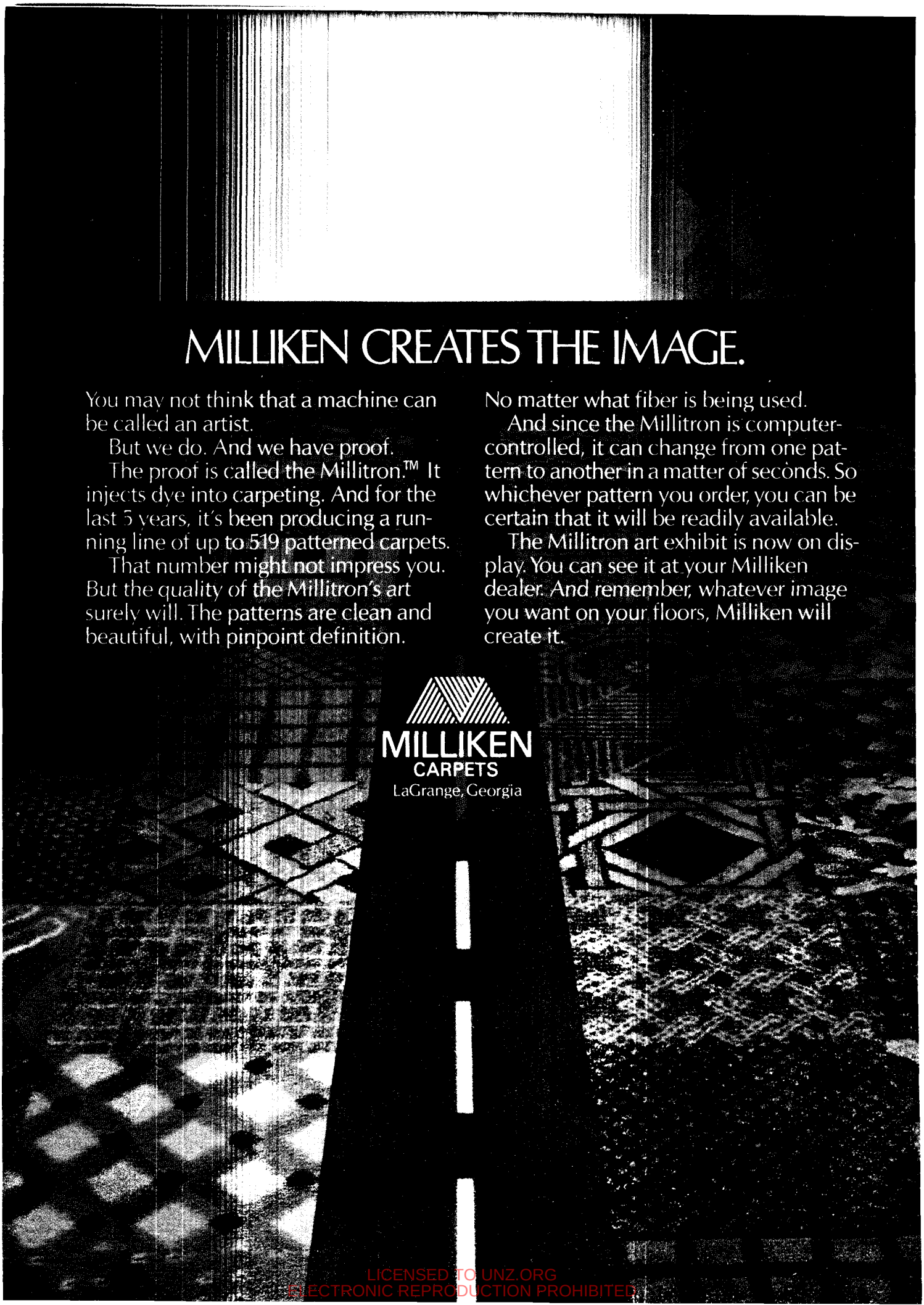
Please charge to my VISA____ Mastercard____ Number _____

Bank No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signed _____

Make check or money order payable to The New England Collectors Society. Credit orders call toll-free, 800-526-7443. New Jersey residents call 800-522-4503.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

That number might not impress you. But the quality of the Millitron's art surely will. The patterns are clean and beautiful, with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-controlled, it can change from one pattern to another in a matter of seconds. So whichever pattern you order, you can be certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on display. You can see it at your Milliken dealer. And remember, whatever image you want on your floors, Milliken will create it.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED